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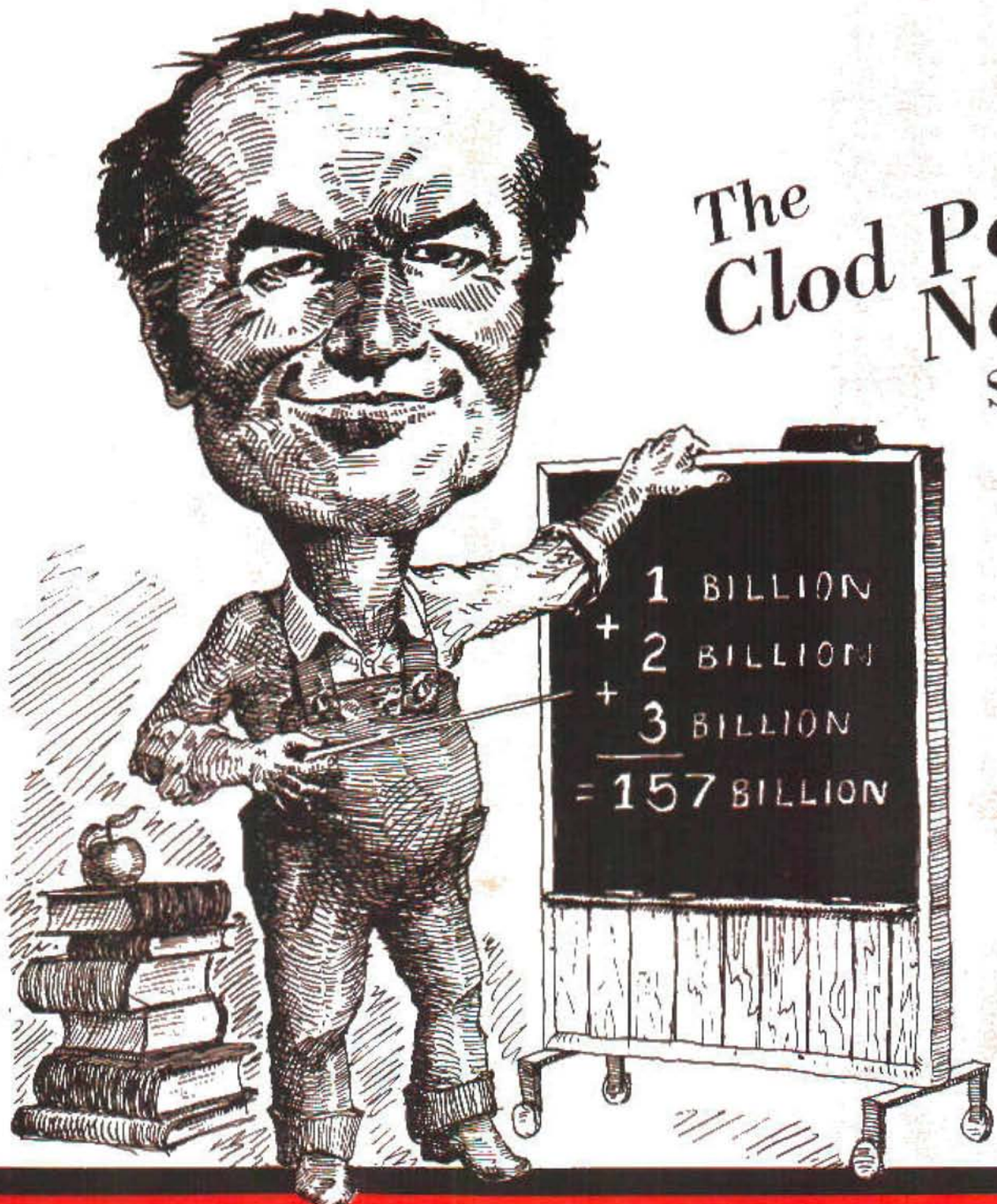

The Clod Populist's New Math

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Alan Weinblatt: What Movies Mean to Us

Also an All-New Cast of Columnists:

Roger Rosenblatt
Bascom C. Slemp
Paul H. Weaver

the ALTERNATIVE to bare the witness and the truth

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Published remarkably without regard to race, color, creed or (most redundantly of all) national origin — and yes, sex, even sex.

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The Continuing Crisis

● Taking advantage of a relatively tranquil summer, the politicians gathered in Miami Beach on two separate occasions to hold what they call presidential nominating conventions. The Democrats held the first from July 10 to July 13. The Republicans held the second from August 21 to August 23. At the first convention the party whose mascot is a jackass allowed the protesters to frolic within the convention hall proper. At the second convention the party of the elephant insisted that the protesters confine their antics to areas outside the convention hall. The results of the first convention were ambiguous and became more so. The results of the second convention were more palpable, eventuating in the renomination of Mr. Nixon and Mr. Agnew and in the arrest of some 1200 protesters, geniuses, poets and heralds of the New Age.

● The atmosphere of the Democratic convention evoked visions of the frowzy street bazaars of what were once indelicately called "bad neighborhoods." While the Republicans assumed a motif of country club chic, celebrating the marvels of George Babbitt, who — contrary to Walter Cronkite's testimony — was not present.

● Naturally television news covered the conventions as though they were national catastrophes by sending the usual mob of nitwits and floor walkers, whose ceaseless torrent of inanities awed viewers and entertained many small children. The impresarios of television news also imported scholarly commentators like Theodore White, William Buckley and John Galbraith for their English speaking audiences. Of course better choices for the Democratic convention might have been Felicia Bernstein and Masters and Johnson with Upton Sinclair explaining the mysteries of the Republican jamboree.

● In spite of all the show boating it was Senator George McGovern, Ph.D. who made the most stunning gouge at history by becoming the only presidential candidate ever to have asked his running mate to resign. Fearing his running mate's past behavior might imperil the ticket's popularity, the great man sought a running mate with a more respectable past. He turned to Senator Edward Kennedy and five other possible victims before R. Sargent Shriver, an unemployed landlord, agreed to take the job.

● But there were other historic milestones passed this summer. During July casualties in Northern Ireland topped the five hundred mark when William Henry Creighton passed away as he walked toward his home. In Murillo De Rio Leya, Spain, Pepe, a Spanish-trained snail, set a world record of three feet eleven inches to beat Grand Prix competition from eight countries. In Washington, D.C. the House passed a rigorous

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Editorial

Clod Populism's Man of Change

Politics is hard work. Whenever elections are utterly unavoidable politicians have to conjure up new potions, regardless how lucrative their present swindles seem to be. Citizens are a finicky lot who demand from their politicians not only magic but variety. They can tolerate only so much of a politician's wizardry before they begin to snore or to play with their toes. Then it is time for what pundits are given to calling a New Politics. In the past our really superior politicians realized this and deftly stirred up the citizenry with New Deals and New Frontiers. In the last election Mr. Nixon even tested the winds with something called a New Federalism, and from time to time he has attempted to rouse his dozing majority with something he calls a New American Revolution.

This year the Barnum and Baileys of political science have had to whip up a new show. So they have rummaged through the fossils of American political theory and retrieved that pernicious old species of flimflammery: populism. It is an appalling choice in this Age of Idealism, for populism has never amounted to much more than the politicalization of baseness.

The clod populists of yesteryear promised to beat the bushes for hyphenates, Jews, Afro-Americans, and agents of the Pope. They would spin fanciful yarns about the mysterious puissance of eastern bankers and insist that there were dark schemes being hatched in the back rooms of Chinese restaurants. According to the populist intelligentsia most Framers of the Constitution spent their lives philosophizing with cows and shedding tears over the arrival of every shipload of "foreign borns." To hear them tell it, the only real Americans left dwelt out where the pollen blows freely and where all dignitaries wore Oshgosh overalls exuding a fragrance of fresh cow manure. Naturally the citizenry soon lost interest in such a preposterous act, and the clod populists gave way to sleep-inducing Republicans and unctuous Democrats.

Now, it is claimed, the New Clod Populists are about to have their day. I doubt this will happen, but their brief reappearance on center stage should be good for a laugh. As with the clod populism of the past, our present prodigies marshal the nation's pent-up envy and greed by bawling about the achievements of superior men, whom they deprecate as "the rich and the powerful." By "the rich" they mean those men whose numbers are so trivial that they can easily be ganged up on by a mob — especially a mob of legislative quacks. And "the powerful" seems to mean anyone else who has distinguished himself by attracting the lusts of the yokels and their keepers. Once again mean-spiritedness is being raised to the level of political philosophy. And clod populism's traditional racism and bigotry is even being fitted out in a modern snakeskin called quotas or proportional representation — two tortured readings of democratic theory which commission a handful of scoundrels to dictate the value of every other citizen, both in matters of law and in matters of employment.

But to be a successful American politician these days, one must be something more than a bigot, a demogogue, a barbarian or a moron. And it is not even enough to be an adroit quick-change artist. As every clever political orator in America will tell you, that which separates the charismatic man of destiny from the general mob of wheezing tub thumpers is the ability to speak in elevated and even inspirational terms about a nullity, a platitude or an imbecility. A true masterpiece embraces all three. Accordingly, this century has had two titans. One was John Kennedy. The other was W.G. Harding. William Jennings Bryan would have made it, but for the reassuring fact that our illustrious ancestors in their wisdom boxed his ears every time he stalked the White House. Nevertheless, at this very hour, one clod populist sweats furiously to surpass these great men of the past, and he stakes his sublime ambition on the same contrivance which served him so well in last spring's primaries. I speak of Pious George from the Praires and the surprisingly potent, if not very original, issue of Change.

Last spring Change became clod populism's special appeal. So also was it a special proclamation, priority, belief, promise and magic wand. It was an oratorical hallucinogen, relied upon by every clod populist from Chisholm to Lindsay. But for Pious George, Ph.D. it became something more. It became the leitmotif of his crusade.

At one point he agglutinated all the razzle-dazzle change beheld for him into one gorgeous passage: "It is the people who have been passed by in American life and are frustrated that they have not had a voice in bringing about the changes that they think would improve their lives. This is a coalition of change, a coalition of conscience, a coalition of progress. It is against the status quo, and I think it represents a majority of the American people!" Now, of course, this is an example of practically unsurpassed campaign spoonery. Not only is it a tushery upon a tushery; it is also wrongheaded and deceitful. Surely not even George believes that the ominous forces opposing him are going to rescind change. As this spinning globe of some three billion passengers careens through the vast reaches of space we had all better hold on tightly and we had best expect some changes. Certain of these changes are bound to be benign, and others will multiply our miseries. But no one with a dash of intelligence will seriously question the ceaselessness of change, not even a presidential candidate. What Pious George really means when he purrs on about change is that under his administration change will have a special character, ushering us into an era of milk and honey. Unlike Mr. Nixon, Mr. Pious feels he has a special relationship with history. He is riding its wave. He will keep America "on course." And somehow he will prevail, abreast with and at home with change. For intelligent thinking persons this would be the ancient sin of hubris, but for a prairie sphinx it is merely presumption refreshed by confusion. Poor George just is not bright enough to be guilty of sin.

Only a pedant or an ignoramus would overrate his intelligence. His dedication to change may bring blood to the cheeks of the moony-eyed in the press corps, and it may summon goose pimples amongst the intellectualoids now so abundant on college campuses and in suburbia. But for a moderately intelligent fellow it has no more impact than moon spots or television advertising. Golf caddies have learnt to treat such incantations with a snort.

Still George believes. For he is unique even amongst clod populists. When the rest of them declared their allegiance to change one suspects they all knew what they were about. Realizing that most voters are inherent grumblers, given to the gambler's blind optimism, the clod populists uttered the ritualistic assurances that they would bring change and change would be rosy. After all just possibly there will be a few dullards enfranchised and eager to vote for a candidate who promises to lighten their loads. The clods might be crude, but they are a savvy lot.

George really does believe. He thinks he is on to something wondrous. How excrutiatingly he labors to express it in hues of quaint magniloquence, his face a curious surface of muscles and lumps, his big bovine eyes rolling in their sauce. Innocently he intones his promise and his covenant — change...and nowhere do we glimpse the vagrant grin, the saucy wink, that would indicate a knowing design.

He actually believes that these frowzy sonorities about change mean something. Of course, he also seems to believe that by bolstering their budget the bureaucrats at HEW will be able to defend Israel and that his New Age economists need not be initiated into the mysteries of addition and subtraction and that the voters are going to elect a presidential nominee whose key argument is that if elected no one will take his proposals seriously, not even Congress! Yes he believes all this and more. Propositions so preposterous it would be an impropriety to mention them in this sophisticated journal. Fairy tales that would bounce off little children, and absurdities that would bring waves of glee to a man on his death bed. In the last analysis the most ridiculous thing about Pious George's crusade is not that he is a clod or that every sensible politician in the country left his phone off the hook when George thrashed about looking for a running mate or that he is not able to utter a complex sentence without

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contradicting himself or that he believes that his advocacy of change really means something. (Actually his approaches to technology, ecology, economic growth and democratic process reveal a peculiar timidity toward change.)

It is rather that he *believes*. He really does believe the windy rhetoric which howels through a presidential campaign. He believes in his "agenda for change" with all of its contradictions. He believes in the canards his handlers prepare for him to pin on Mr. Nixon. He believes that America rots without his leadership. No president in this century has ever been so gullible, and the only presidential candidate to match his gaping credulity was the remarkable Bryan. It is the horse laugh of the century. When Pious George kisses a baby he believes that it is because he has fallen in love. God bless George McGovern! □

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Paul H. Weaver

The Public Discourse

Endless Liberalism

Few things in American politics are quite so dispensable as the platforms of our national political parties. In general, they are laborious unreadable compendiums of platitudes and nonsense. As soon as they appear they quietly fall off the edge of the world and are never heard of again. Nobody seems to object or even notice.

The extraordinary thing about the 1972 platform of the Democratic party is that it is no exception to this general rule. There was reason to expect that it might be different. The platform committee and its staff included several very talented experts on public policy and American politics. They had abundant time and information: the committee held twenty hearings in a dozen cities over a period of six weeks, after which there were further meetings for discussion. There seemed to be no limit constraining its end product; the final document contained over 20,000 words!

These resources were on hand at a moment of unusual opportunity. In 1972 there was no incumbent Democratic administration to defend. The political alliances and traditional programmatic commitments of the party were in disarray or disgrace after the shattering experience of the 1960s. The nation was clearly in need of a new political formula—and the 1972 platform committee was not in a bad position to create one. A majority of its members were McGovern delegates and felt no need to defend the approaches of earlier decades. They were also advocates of truth and honesty in politics, and presumably in platforms as well. They could admit errors of the past and profit from them. Indeed, they professed to be doing just that.

Now in all fairness, I must admit some parts of the platform do begin to live up to the promises of these circumstances. Most notable in this respect is the section on the environment. It actually admits that cleaning up pollution has cost — in reduced economic growth, in increased public expenditure, in higher unemployment levels—and that these must be balanced against the goal of clean environment! This must surely be a first for any party platform and is an admirable expression of competence and intellectual honesty in politics. This section makes no glowing promises, holds forth no utopian vision of an immaculate future and even manages to make no dishonest attack on the current administration. It even advocates what nearly every professional economist now holds to be the cornerstone of any serious and balanced attack on pollution — imposing a tax on each polluter's discharge into the environment—but which is now entirely absent from federal pollution policy which the Democrats have played the leading role in enacting.

A second part of the platform which reflects a degree of learning from the 1960s (and the election result of the 1970s) deals with crime. The Democratic party has finally begun to take crime seriously as a public problem in its own right, rather than as a nonphenomenon invented by demagogues or an epiphenomenon of poverty and injustice. Its principal recommendation is direct and sensible: improvement of the system of law enforcement, from police to court and prison, so that more criminals are caught and convicted. The rest of its recommendations, alas, are more dubious — there is no reason to think that better-paid and better-educated police are better police, and it seems profligate to propose huge expenditures on addict and criminal rehabilitation when nobody knows how to rehabilitate such people successfully, etc. Even so, this section is on balance a serious one.

The virtue of these two sections is that they are informed by a clear and realistic sense of purpose, state honestly the problem and choices involved and make realistic policy proposals that are presumptively worth what they cost. The rest of the platform is almost wholly lacking in these characteristics — and that, in a nutshell, is what is wrong with it and with the convention that sired it.

I make no specific reference here to any one particular item in the platform's bulging arsenal of policy and program proposals. There is a serious case to be made for (and against) each, and only a mindless partisan would dismiss them out of hand. But this is not the plact to take them up. Neither do I propose to discuss the obsessive and often illiberal egalitarianism which forms a major motif of the platform; I myself do not find it attractive or justifiable, but I can see how others might. I even propose to ignore the astronomical — and conveniently unspecified — cost of the entire democratic program and the tax increases and socio-economic distortions it would surely engender.

For of all of its characteristics, what is most striking and dismaying about this document is not the specifics of its parts but the spirit or tone which suffuses the platform as a whole. One would be tempted to call this a spirit of demagoguery were it not for the fact that it is born of sincerity rather than cynicism. Thus, what one encounters in this document is the politics of fantasy—out of touch with reality, inchoate, reckless, surging with passionate anger and aflame with utopian hope.

This condition is reflected in the platform's abysmal level of discourse. There are whole sentences that are literally meaningless (e.g., "What do the people want?...They want a life that makes us all feel that life is worth living," or "We believe in hard work as a fair measure of our willingness to achieve.") — and others so blatantly ridiculous ("We must recognize and fulfill the social contracts that exist between the family-farm producers of food and the non-farm consumer.") or childishly sentimental ("We believe that war is a waste of human life.") that one can only wonder whether anyone was in charge at all.

This fantasy spirit is also reflected in an almost wilful disregard of our recent national experience. The document reads as if the 1960s had never occurred—as if experience and social science had never called traditional liberal social policy into the gravest question; as if overpromising and verbal hysteria had been shown to be a good thing; as if full employment *and* zero inflation *and* high growth *and* radically increased government spending were well within the demonstrated ability of modern economic management to attain simultaneously; as if the sharp limits on government's ability to improve society in chosen ways had not long since been demonstrated.

But these are only symptoms of a deeper and more serious disorder. For as one reads and re-reads this platform, one suddenly realizes that beneath and beyond the carload of programs, policies,

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the ALTERNATIVE October 1972

Alan Reynolds

McGovern's Muddled Economics

This article was prepared prior to McGovern's August 29th revised revision of his economic program. Today's version replaces the $43 billion in income redistribution with $14 billion in old-fashioned welfare. The original $28 billion tax reform has been replaced with an even sillier plan which is supposed to eventually yield $22 billion. This means that McGovern would need new revenues of $175 billion, but has only accounted for $43 billion — still leaving a gap of $132 billion. Closer, but not close enough.

"What we really need is not indiscriminate handouts of Federal funds ..."
"I'll be inconsistent once in a while."
Senator George McGovern
Playboy August 1971
National Observer June 17, 1972

After being dissected and disowned by almost every major newspaper and political magazine, the only thing clear about McGovern's economic program is that it still isn't clear. Despite his recent retreat from $1,000 income grants, for example, the fact remains that McGovern's success has been built of such schemes, though he has been only too willing to abandon each one after it had served its purpose. Surely we must also remain a bit astonished that a presidential contender, surrounded by scholarly advisers, could have proposed a major plan without ever understanding who would bear what cost. Humphrey guessed the grants would cost $115 billion; a Senate finance committee said $51 billion. But McGovern insisted that the plan would involve "no net burden on the Treasury at all." That is literally true, of course, as it would be true of any expenditure that is offset by new taxes, though the approach isn't very enlightening.

Next, McGovern's able aide, John Holum, tried to cover his leader's sophism with another: "The income grant would not be a part of the budget process; rather, it would be an item ... which would affect the income tax collections available ..." That is, a given reduction in I.R.S. revenue has some altogether different budgetary effect than an equivalent increase in Treasury spending. Anyone who balances a checkbook should be able to see through that. It's like saying, "Just becasue my paycheck is smaller doesn't mean I have to spend less."

Why the sudden mystery? In McGovern's article in *The New York Review of Books* (May 4), he wrote: "The credit income tax proposal would imply a redistribution of income of some $14.1 billion from those above the poverty line to those below it. The redistribution from those above the break-even income to those below it but still above the poverty line would amount to $29 billion." Therefore, the Federal Government will have to come up with grants of $14 billion and tax reductions of $29 billion, and the total added expense (or reduced revenue) would therefore be $43 billion. We can certainly use this figure ($43 billion) as a low estimate of the magnitude of redistribution that McGovern has been promising, regardless of the specific plan adopted.

McGovern supports health insurance and day care (*Time* May 8,1972; *Playboy* August 1971), but has not provided details or cost estimates. Authoritative estimates of $60 billion for health insurance and $17 billion for day care centers have been supplied by the Brookings Institution's study of the 1973 federal budget. I had earlier estimated the annual cost over a decade of McGovern's lavish promise of subsidizing "30 million new homes" at $25 billion (*National Review* May 26, 1972), but I am willing to consign this item to the realm of loose campaign rhetoric. It is hard to be equally generous about health insurance and day care, however, since they're featured in the Democratic platform. If McGovern doesn't really plan any new spending for health and day care, he should say so.

While in California, McGovern pandered to defense workers by promising them unemployment benefits amounting to 80 per cent of their previous salaries. The Brookings study estimates that a $12 billion defense cut-back (from a projected $100 billion 1977 defense budget) would wipe out over 450,000 civilian jobs. If all these defense scientists, engineers and workers averaged only $10,000 a year, 80 per cent unemployment benefits could cost $3.6 billion (450,000 times $8,000). Assuming that Congress will not reduce the defense budget more than $21 billion, such a reduction could involve an unemployment expense of $6.3 billion.

The other spending items are noncontroversial, since they're McGovern's own figures and have been widely publicized (*The Humanist* November-December 1971; Tom Wicker, *New York Times* June 1, 1972). Note that the list does *not* include McGovern's promises of $10 billion more for Social Security and $5 billion for revenue sharing, because McGovern now admits that these items are expendable if the $1,000 grants are instituted. Nor have I included the unknown cost of: "a fund to give ... protection against bankruptcy to small business;" "provision of low cost credit to home-buyers, small businessmen and farmers;" "a guaranteed job for every man and woman who desires work ...;" "alleviation of the shortage of railway and freight cars, the modernization of rail transport ...;" "a system of tax-rebate incentives to encourage industry to plan for the transfer of its workers and its facilities to peace-time production;" and (this one kills me) "an orderly reduction in the national debt." The above additions were taken from only two pages of McGovern campaign literature. By excluding this sort of thing, I am obviously *under*-stating the cost of McGovern's proposals by tens of billions of dollars.

So, McGovern plans on adding *at least* $162 billion to a federal budget which the Brookings people expect to grow to $300 billion by 1975 without any new legislation. How does he propose to pay for it? 'If the personal exemption were removed," says McGovern, "the federal government would receive $63.6 billion in additional tax revenues." (The figure is about $36 billion too high.) *From whom?* A *New York Times* article (June 5, 1972) says: "these exemptions, indisputably, are worth more in taxes saved to high-bracket taxpayers than to low ones." This *is* true for high-bracket taxpayers considered individually. It is emphatically *not* true, however, for the high bracket taxpayers as a group — simply because there are so few of them. Besides, if it is to mean anything at all to say that $43 billion will be "transferred to lower income groups," then that transfer *must* be over and above any offsetting tax increases on the same groups. Those over the $12,000 "break-even point" must, therefore, pay $43 billion in new taxes for the grant program alone. In saying this, I am *not* holding McGovern to his $1,000 figure. James Tobin's $43 billion estimate was based on a $750 grant several years ago. The cost of a $1,000 grant today would be substantially higher. Another minimum income bill which McGovern actually introduced (S.2372) would have cost $71 billion in fiscal 1977, according to the Senate Finance Committee.

Stripped of surplus confusion, McGovern's original idea of "tax reform" went something like this: (1) Existing loopholes in the personal income tax need not be changed, but non-farmers with incomes over $50,000 must pay a minimum of 52.5 per cent regardless of losses in previous years, medical catastrophes, charitable contributions, business or interest expenses etc.; (2) "Special loopholes, such as percentage depletion, need not be phased out," but corporate taxes can be raised by almost half by simply

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removing recent tax incentives which were designed to stimulate investment; (3) families with incomes over $12,000 will pay substantially higher taxes which will be redistributed to those with lower incomes. This is no tax reform at all. McGovern explicity said he would...*not* eliminate special treatment of capital gains, tax-exempt interest income from state and local bonds, oil depletion allowances and so on.

McGovern claimed he could raise $6 billion by compelling those with incomes over $50,000 to pay a minimum tax on their gross income. By the time it got to the *Wall Street Journal*, (May 22, 1972), however, the proposal had changed from a minimum to *maximum* tax: "I am here suggesting a tax which will not exceed 52.5 per cent (75 per cent of 70 per cent) even on an income of one million dollars." Moreover, the original minimum income grant does away with upward graduation of rates. As McGovern himself explained it, "the grant would be tax-free but. . .each person would be required to pay a uniform tax to the Federal Treasury (a 33.3 per cent tax is suggested. . .)." Until these paradoxes are resolved, we shouldn't count on raising $6 billion from a steeply graduated "minimum tax."

What about the $17 billion that McGovern plans on getting from increased corporate taxes? At first, this was widely interpreted to mean raising corporate tax rates from 48 per cent to the old rate of 52 per cent, plus eliminating accelerated depreciation. McGovern's *Wall Street Journal* ad emphatically denied any rate increase, but there is no way of getting a 43 per cent increase from corporate taxes without a sizable rate increase, *plus* elimination of all "loopholes" instituted in the past decade. The Brookings budget study shows that all corporate tax breaks *and* rate reductions over the past decade amount to only $6.6 billion. Treasury Department figures show that most business "loopholes," including those earmarked for farmers and small business, total only $7.8 billion (*U.S. News & World Report* December 27, 1971) In view of political realities it would seem quite generous to credit McGovern with $4 billion from this source.

McGovern's objection to the Value Added Tax, incidentally, makes it clear that increased corporate taxes hardly qualify as a "reform." VAT is considered "a sales tax in effect" because any tax on profits will be passed on to consumers in the form of higher prices. The argument is also applicable to a tax on corporate profits, which,by reducing the relative flow of capital to the corporate sector, becomes a regressive, discriminatory tax on the consumers of corporate products.

What about the $5 billion McGovern hopes to get from taxing large inheritances at high rate?McGovern originally wanted a 100 per cent tax on estates over $500,000, then he dropped it to 77 per cent. By the time the Wall Street crowd heard it, Mr. Sincere was saying, "some consideration" should be given to increased rates on large inheritances. He'd go easy on family-owned businesses (Ford?), so anyone with any sense will give a factory to his son, or blow the wad before he dies. McGovern might get a few billion dollars *once*, but in view of his malleability on this issue, and the ease of escaping the tax through trusts and diamonds, I'd say the whole idea is a lost cause.

McGovern's proposed $30 billion saving on defense underestimates manpower and operating costs by at least $9 billion (*Time* May 8, 1972; *National Review* May 26, 1972). McGovern is therefore really proposing around $21 billion in defense cuts — an amount which the Brookings study considers remotely possible only after "a significant change in U.S.-Soviet relations." Such extreme defense cuts are problematic: If the Soviets continue their rapid force build-up, McGovern admits that "we might have to reassess these considerations; I wouldn't want to put the country in danger."

Incidentally, the popular notion that defense is a growing burden is simply untrue. An $85 billion defense budget would be only 5 per cent of 1977 GNP, compared with 8.3 per cent in 1961-64 and 9.4 per cent in 1968. McGovern is seriously suggesting that we spend 3.5 per cent of GNP on defense, despite the much higher payroll costs associated with a volunteer army. Federal *social* spending, on the other hand, has grown from $30 billion to $110 billion in the last decade, without dramatic results, and McGovern proposes to more than double that figure again within one administration.

McGovern's Proposed Changes in the Federal Budget

(in billions of dollars)

Increased Expenditures:	
National Health Insurance	**60**
$1,000 Income Grants	**43**
Day Care	**17**
Aid to Education	**15**
Special Unemployment Benefits for Defense	**6**
Urban Renewal	**4**
Rural Economic Development	**4**
Pollution Control	**3**
Public Transit	**3**
School and Hospital Construction	**3**
Food Stamps	**2**
Crime and Drug Control	**2**
Scholarships	**1**
Veterans Benefits	**1**
Total New Expenditures	**164**
*** Projected 1974 Deficit**	**40**
Total Revenue Needed	**204**
New Revenue Sources (Other Than Personal Tax):	
Defense Reductions	**21**
Eliminate AFDC Welfare	**8**
Eliminate Most Business "Loopholes"	**4**
Total New Revenue	**33**
New Personal Taxes Needed 204—33	**$171 billion**

In the *New York Review of Books*, McGovern said, "the billions of dollars saved in welfare benefits and the cumbersome administration of the welfare system ... $1.4 billion in fiscal 1970 — could be allocated to the grant." More recently, he has boosted the alleged welfare savings to $8 billion, without specifying what programs will be cut. AFDC could go, but it only cost the federal government $3.5 billion in 1969. The food stamp program and agricultural subsidies are wholly inexcusable when large cash allowances are provided, but McGovern has scheduled both programs for sizable increases. This can only be interpreted as catering to the *large* agricultural interests: Food stamps compel the poor to buy agricultural products, and only 4 per cent of farm subsidies are received by the smallest 41 per cent of all farmers. Consistently, McGovern also favors "elimination of tax loopholes for non-farmers" (*McGovern on The Issues*).

Well, we're now faced with perhaps $33 billion in new revenue sources, if McGovern could somehow get Congress to go along. Our decidedly incomplete list of new spending programs totals $164 billion. Other estimates, for example that of *Time* magazine (June 26, 1972), show McGovern spending at least this much. Where is the Federal Government going to get the missing $131 billion?

McGovern is wisely unwilling to increase corporate tax rates, and all corporations only have net profits of about $50 billion anyway. Far from repealing any of the $36 billion in Great Society programs, as the Brookings study suggests, McGovern wants to increase them. We already face a deficit of $40 billion in 1974, so McGovern has to raise personal income or payroll taxes by $171 billion (he'll need even more if he's serious about reducing the national debt). This is more than double the federal revenue now taken from all personal taxes. Even if we permit a deficit of $25 billion, McGovern's proposals would require that all brackets, even the lowest, experience a 22 per cent increase in effective tax rates (e.g., a taxpayer with a $10,000 income would pay $3,060, though he now pays "only" $860). Alternatively, McGovern's proposals could be financed by a 36 to 39 per cent national sales tax.

Can we lessen this burden significantly through high taxes on the wealthy? Suppose we *do* tax everyone earning over $50,000 at 52.5 per cent, and suppose they don't react by retiring early or moving to Switzerland. According to Herriot and Miller's Census Bureau study, this bracket now pays 23.1 per cent in taxes other than the personal income tax. Their combined tax burden would therefore be 75.6 per cent. Surely that's drastic enough. But I.R.S. figures show that taxpayers over $50,000 have combined gross incomes of only $38.5 billion, so a 52.5 per

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cent tax would yield only $20.2 billion — which is only $6.4 billion more than they're paying now! We're still short $165 billion.

How much more can we get from those earning from $25,000 to $50,000? This group can still take the same deductions, under McGovern's scheme, so we'll look at their *taxable* rather than gross, income. It turns out that all taxable income in the $25,000 to $50,000 bracket totals $36.9 billion — of which $10.2 billion is already being paid in income taxes. Other taxes take another 17.8 per cent from this bracket, or $4.8 billion. That leaves about $22.6 billion of currently untaxed income among a group of 1.4 million taxpayers. Let's be really "radical" (nasty) and leave each taxpayer in this bracket with only a "break-even" income of $12,000. That would require $16.8 billion (out of $22.6 billion not now being taxed), leaving the government with only a $5.8 billion gain — unless they all quit working. We're still short by $159 billion.

It's now becoming clear who's going to get the bill for that $159 billion, no matter how much we rob the "extremely rich." McGovern's remark that the $12,000 to $20,000 group would pay only $21 more in taxes was an obvious whitewash, since there are only around 15 million taxpayers in that bracket (so that $21 apiece would yield a mere $315 million). There are 20.4 million taxpayers in the $10,000 to $25,000 bracket. Their combined taxable income is $192.8 billion ($110 billion of which is from the $10,000 to $15,000 group). Federal income taxes now leave them with $153.2 billion, and other taxes bring the total down to about $123 billion. Even McGovern's magic can't squeeze the needed $159 billion out of $123 billion, so he'll end up having to levy lots more taxes on the poor in order to pay for their "benefits." This shouldn't be so surprising, since 89.3 per cent of all taxpayers have gross incomes under $15,000. As the Brookings study put it: "Large numbers of families would receive allowances and at the same time have their taxes increased to pay for the allowances." In McGovern's case, the tax increase on those earning less than $10,000 would greatly exceed their cash allowances.

"There were no poor people in the Land of Oz, because there was no such thing as money, and all property of every sort belonged to the Ruler." When L. Frank Baum thus described the Emerald City in 1910, little did his fertile imagination suppose that such arrangements would descend from the skies of fairyland, and would come to be regarded as radical new ideas for the 'seventies.

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Jacqueline R. Kasun

A Rhineland Fantasy

As the United States slowly winds down its long adventure in Southeast Asia, it is tempting to speculate what might have happened had we done otherwise. This is, of course, something that cannot be known. Although war critics are certain that the alternatives to American involvement in Vietnam would have been infinitely preferable to our present state of affairs, and they may be right, in fact once an action has been taken, knowledge about the alternatives and their consequences is forever foreclosed to us.

Nevertheless, the temptation to make such speculations is well-nigh irresistible. There are many similarly fascinating possibilities for exercising our proclivities for "if only" fantasizing. Had one of the erstwhile Allies, for example, decided in 1936 to respond with limited force to Hitler's reoccupation of the Rhineland, this might have prevented World War II. But if this had been done, and if it had worked, no one would ever have known that a holocaust had been prevented.

It hardly needs to be said that American intervention in the Rhineland in 1936 was not merely impossible but unthinkable. The 1920s had been spent in second thoughts, mainly of revulsion and remorse, over the first World War. These national musings found expression in the Kellogg-Briand Pact of 1929 which pledged its signers never to resort to war as a means of settling international disputes. The Pact had been promoted in the United States by the New York *Times*, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and a number of university professors. As a result of vigorous American urging, most countries of the world finally signed it, including Germany, Japan and Italy.

But the peace forces had not let down their guard just because war had been outlawed. A couple of summers before Hitler's move to reoccupy the Rhineland, the Nye Committee of the U.S. Senate had in months of well-publicized hearings established to its own satisfaction, and that of most of the public, something that everyone already knew — that World War I had had as its chief purpose the enrichment of the bankers and the munitions manufacturers, better known as "Merchants of Death," about whom school children were reading in a best-seller of the same name. Savage aggression by Italy in Ethiopia and Japan in China had only re-enforced the American conviction that peace and love would find a way.

To ensure the continuation of platitudinous non-violence on the part of the United States, Congress was providing in a series of Neutrality Acts that this country would neither give nor sell arms to any party to any dispute anywhere in the world. As late as 1939, the Episcopal bishops intoned "...War as an instrument of national policy is a hideous denial of God and His condemnation rests upon it. It is rationally unjustifiable, morally indefensible, and religiously irreconcilable with the love of God and our neighbor ... We believe that war will never achieve peace, but only sow the seeds of future wars ... We believe that the teachings of Jesus Christ — 'Love your enemies; do good to them which hate you; bless them that curse you; and pray for them that despitefully use you... are not mere counsels of perfection, but sound, sober, practical common sense." (Statement of the House of Bishops, 1939.) In short, we were a nation of pacifists.

Nevertheless, for a moment, imagine the unimaginable — that the United States had actually decided to counter Hitler's move into the Rhineland in 1936 with a limited resistance. What kind of a war might this have been and what might have been its results?

The British would of course have stood aloof from American interventionism. In an atmosphere in which Winston Churchill was barred from BBC as "too controversial," a British Rhineland action was unthinkable. For their part, the French would have responded with a series of emergency cabinet meetings followed by the resignation of the government and a succession of political crises, precluding any coherent foreign policy.

But the Americans might very well have been joined by some of Germany's other neighbors: Czechoslovakia, for example, might have had premonitions of what lay in store for her, and so might Austria. And there might have been small troop contingents and other assistance from the not-yet-utterly-Balkanized Balkans, and perhaps from others as well. These helpers would of course have required American aid to finance their operations. In consequence, worldwide Nazi propaganda would be able, with a fair approach to accuracy, to denounce the operation as American-inspired and American-manned, an operation of the Roosevelt imperialistic clique and its foreign clients. The *Nation* and the *New Republic* could characterize it as an American attempt to surround Germany with enemies and to reward countries for hostility toward Germany.

One necessarily enters a limited war before it's entirely clear that one should. By the time it is entirely clear that one has to fight, a limited war is no longer likely to be one of the options. A limited, "preventive" action in the Rhineland would have had to be fought while we were still in the dark about Hitler's real intentions, before he had had the chance to develop his capabilities for total war and to solidify his alliances with Italy and Japan. If we had succeeded in frustrating his expansion before he acquired the industrial strength of middle Europe, it would necessarily have appeared that Hitler was no threat to our security, or anyone else's either. In a word, in direct proportion to our success in pinning Hitler impotently down at an early point in his expansion, it would have appeared unnecessary to do so.

Doubtless this would have soon be-

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come an extremely controversial operation. Awkward questions would have been raised about what we were doing on German soil. American newspaper correspondents would discover and report that the occupants of the area were predominantly German and were for the most part sympathetic to Hitler and wanted nothing so much as to be left alone by Americans. Senators and bishops would visit the front, a thing which is impossible in total war, and would of course discover that boys die in wars. (One of the greatest conveniences of a total war, in which the front is too dangerous for visiting luminaries, is that the fact that people are being killed is never discovered until it's all been done.) Many hawks would turn dove with dramatic announcements of the fact to the media, especially during pre-election maneuvers.

Casualties on all sides would be light, and controversial in inverse proportion to their numbers. (It would take more than a hundred years of Vietnam size casualties to equal the killings of World War II.) But the smaller casualties are, the more difficult it is to justify the fact that there are any. Casualties in a total war are above all vindicated by their staggering numbers; the fact that the carnage is so massive "proves" that it is necessary.

It is characteristic of a limited war, of course, that it's pretty much business-as-usual everywhere except in scattered pockets of action. The boys commute to the front and spend money like a swarm of tourists between assignments. Many of the Rhinelanders, like many of the Vietnamese now, would have never had it so good. The staging of a limited war is thus utterly different from the grim back-drop of a total war, with its leveled cities, the miles of smouldering rubble where factories and homes once stood, the cries of the buried-alive, the starving survivors amid the scorched farmlands and ruined villages.

In countries ravaged by World War II, all semblance of normal economic life disappeared not only during the war but for years afterwards. Population declined in East Europe and the Soviet Union. European industrial production fell to a fraction of pre-war levels and did not recover for years after the war. In 1947, European output of metals was only seventy-five per cent of the pre-war level; for food and feed crops the percentage was seventy. Two years after the war many Europeans were getting only 1900 calories of food per day, barely enough for survival and fully a third less than they'd had in the 1930s. (United Nations, *World Economic Report*, 1948.)

In contrast to the chaos wrought by World War II, it is difficult to find evidence of war in the economic data for Southeast Asia, except in export figures. U.N. data indicate that rice production, industrial output and electric energy production are vigorously increasing in South Vietnam. The population explosion is proceeding apace in both North and South. Death rates reported for Southeast Asia are lower than in many other underdeveloped areas which are not at war.

This means, however, that the contrasts of a limited war are especially cruel; though casualties as a whole are light, some of the soldiers die and some are maimed for life. Visiting senators digest with difficulty the contrast between American boys dying in field hospitals and the local citizens (whom we're supposed to be saving from totalitarian aggression) off-handedly getting fat on the inflow of dollars. Amid the general civilian prosperity, the refugees and orphans and the wounded are a stark reminder of war's grim costs, which are total for the individuals concerned.

The economic and demographic costs are clearly less for limited war. But these cannot be the only considerations. The very character of limited war — its light casualties, its way of dragging on and on without any definite conclusion, its marginal effects on most participants — exacerbates the question of why there should be a war at all. There is always the nagging possibility that the whole thing may be simply a dreadful mistake. And the more successful a limited war is in preventing a total war, the less likely it is that this fact will be evident, or even believable.

So, as limited wars have a way of doing, the Rhineland thing would drag on, and on. Hitler would be pinned down, but he would not be defeated or discredited. Indeed, the war would strengthen support for him in numerous quarters. Street demonstrations in many parts of the world would show widespread sympathy for Germany, seen to be struggling for her life and dignity against an imperialistic United States. World-wide fascist propaganda would continue to denounce the American "aggression" in the Rhineland. Peace vigils would be held to read the names of the war dead. Scholars would issue protests. Mothers, and others, would march for peace. Campus strikes would be organized. The Rhineland Veterans for Peace would sit in at the War Department. World leaders would urge the president to stop bombing and negotiate, even though Germany might have indicated no interest in negotiations.

At home there would have been none of the exhilaration of total war, with the girls learning to weld and the old men busy in civil defense and the ladies collecting blood. The daily war news would not have aroused patriotic commitment on the home front, as in a total war, but instead doubt, controversy and, most difficult of all to bear — guilt. Civilized men have agonized over the moral question of war for centuries. Moderns are more reluctant than their forbears to accept even self-defense as a vindication, on the grounds that modern weapons are so destructive that nothing can justify their use.

The paradoxical consequence is that it is easier for moderns to justify total war than limited war. The liberal American press of the 1940s, grieving over the "inescapable tragedy" of World War II, may not have been exactly justifying a certain kind of war in quite the analytical way of Thomas Aquinas, but a moral question does not always require a direct answer. To be able to picture oneself as a tragic hero is often quite as satisfactory as being able to justify or rationalize one's actions. The massive destruction, the awesome costs, of total war permit us to see ourselves as tragic heroes, wading through the carnage of an inescapable tragedy, perhaps even settling some great issue in the process. But whether any great issue is settled or not, the sheer magnitude of the destruction enables us to dignify our role in the great drama.

A limited war, however, offers no such handy escapes from guilt. We could hardly have claimed to be defending our lives or our national existence in the Rhineland. There would not have been enough gore for it to appear that any great issue was being settled or to dramatize our involvement as an "inescapable tragedy." Whatever then could we have answered to the daily nagging guilt?

In progression, the American crusade to defend the world against fascism would have come to appear not merely over-reactive, but quixotic, counter-productive, imperialistic and, finally, positively criminal. These judgments would be re-enforced by concern for the plight of Rhineland refugees, indignation over corruption in the governments of our allies and anxiety over the fate of American prisoners of war in German hands. Some unfortunate incidents involving American troops and Rhineland civilians would exacerbate matters. One can imagine the headlines about the "Trier massacre." Agonizing reappraisals of the Rhineland debacle would conclude that the war was eroding the moral fiber of the nation.

In time, perhaps a very long time, the thing would have ended. Not with the bang of a Hiroshima but with the whimper of withdrawal from limited war. There would be no victory celebrations, no confetti in the streets, no tearful crowds thronging and embracing. Columnists and candidates would explore and explain our Rhineland "mistake;" senators would vow "no more Rhinelands." The president who presided over our final withdrawal would be re-elected, those who had first committed our troops having been assigned to ignominy.

If we had succeeded in avoiding World

The Professor's Lament

I doubt that I shall ever see
A textbook flyer cliche-free.
Flotsam on each postal tide
Touts "approaches" which privide:
"Real involvement" for the class,
"Participation" *tout en masse;*
"Insights" (more than might be prudent)
"Meaningful" for every student;
"Relevance" to his "concerns" —
Who cares *what* the beggar *learns:*
Taking place within this fog
Is — "student-teacher dialogue!"
Fools like me can write bad verse,
But no Ed. D. could make *this* worse.

John Shelton Reed

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War II, we would have had no way of knowing what we missed...

It's hard to imagine a twentieth century without the battles of North Africa and Sicily and Normandy Beach, without Stalingrad, without Dachau and Buchenwald and Landsberg. One can scarcely conceive of twentieth century history in which Roosevelt and Churchill were not heroes of one of the most destructive wars of all time, in which twenty-five million people were killed, but in which instead Roosevelt was a bumbler who got us involved in a Rhineland mess which took several hundred thousand lives on all sides. (The smaller the casualties, the more likely it is that the leaders are villains; leaders are heroes in proportion to the size of the casualties.)

A Rhineland intervention might indeed have averted World War II, but no lessons would have been learned from this. For even if some magic dispensation had allowed us to know that our policy had averted a global disaster, as Hegel has said, "... what experience and history teach is that peoples and governments never have learned anything from history ..." □

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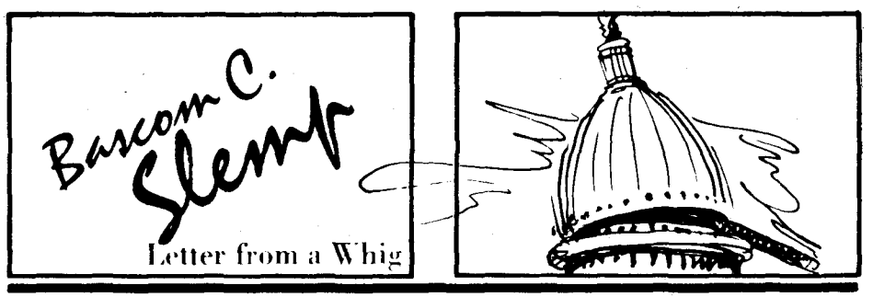

November and Beyond

(WASHINGTON)—The bumbling anti-professionalism of George McGovern's campaign organization since the Democratic convention makes the re-election of Richard Nixon a virtual certainty. The Senator and his people have made just about every imaginable mistake and are going to have to pay the price in November.

Therefore, perhaps we can afford to take a few minutes to look beyond November: to ask ourselves what effect the developments of 1972 will have on the American political landscape in the years ahead.

George Meany and his friends appear to believe that when it's all over the Democratic party will be returned to them intact, that the nightmare will be over and they will be able to pick up where they left off. Thus, they are sitting this one out in the expectation that a defeated George McGovern will disappear into the Senate o'er the hills of South Dakota.

They may by right about McGovern, but if they really think they're going to be back in the saddle themselves by 1976 they are only deluding themselves. Their party has been seized by ideological hard-liners who are not about to surrender it without a fight. The McGovernites—with or without George McGovern—are likely to be with us for some time.

Mr. Meany should consider what happened to the Republican party in 1964. In the process of nominating Senator Goldwater, Republican conservatives that year also managed to gain control of their party's machinery and refused to give it up even in the face of a massive electoral defeat. They still control it today and insist on their due. They handed the nomination to Richard Nixon in 1968 and will swallow his programmatic liberalism so long as he clothes it in the rhetoric of the right, but in their heart they are as conservative as ever—a fact made "perfectly clear" to all attending this year's GOP convention.

The Republican moderates made the same mistake in 1964 that the Democratic "traditionalists" are making today. They assumed that their party would "come to its senses" after a major defeat and admit that they, rather than the ideologues, should be in control. They were wrong, of course, for true believers are not prone to give up after one defeat.

So Meany and his friends are not going to be welcomed back as prophets who turned out to be right. If they are represented at the next Democrat convention it will be on their opponent's terms—not theirs. One McGovernite congressman has gone so far as to suggest that a quota be set up that will give "traditional" Democrats some representation in 1976, a suggestion that puts Meany in essentially the same box with racial and sexual special interests groups entitled to proportional, but essentially token representation.

At any rate, it can be safely predicted that the McGovernites will remain in control. They may be more sophisticated by 1976, but they will be as radical as ever. They may come up with a candidate more cosmetically attractive next time, but if necessary they can be expected to be as brutally successful in their next convention as they were this time.

The future of the Republican party is less clear for several reasons. The party is united now behind Richard Nixon, but one has to wonder what will happen as party workers begin looking toward 1976.

Today there are liberal republicans and conservative republicans but most of these and many others must first be described as "Nixon" Republicans. The futility of the McCloskey and Ashbrook attacks on his policies are evidence of the success of the President's domestic political strategy. He has combined liberalism and conservatism in a unique synthesis that has won the support of the Javitses of his party without losing the Goldwaters or party workers at the local level.

This unity will necessarily disappear after this election or at least prior to the end of the President's second term. It will disappear because only he could have imposed it on ordinarily divided and unreconcilable factions within the GOP.

He did it by giving the conservatives the rhetoric while moving programmatically to the left. His substantive program won him the support—or at least the toleration—of the liberals within the party while his rhetoric made it difficult for conservatives to oppose him. That he got away with it is amazing enough in itself and attests to his political ability.

But this election will signal at least the beginning of the end of the Nixon era—an era that has spanned more than twenty years. Republicans have convened in convention six times since Richard Nixon emerged as a national figure and at five of these conventions they have nominated him for one or the other of the nation's two highest offices. They are comfortable with him—they trust him.

Thus, many of them will allow Nixon as president to do things no one else could have gotten away with. The trouble will begin when someone else steps forward to say, "Let me do these things." Richard Nixon may be able to sell them FAP, SALT and deficit financing, but that does not mean anyone else will be able to. In this sense, he is unique and essentially irreplaceable.

The struggle in 1976 will be between those Republicans who admire Nixon for what he says and those who admire him for what he has done. It will be a liberal-conservative struggle for the soul of what, by then, may be the majority party in this country.

It is impossible to say at this point which side the President himself might favor in such a struggle. There is some evidence to suggest that he may be moving to the right in preparation for his second term, but the evidence cannot be considered conclusive in light of his penchant for surprise and breaks with tradition.

Neither liberals nor conservatives seem to be waiting for word from the White House, however, as both sides appear to be preparing for the struggle they know must precede the next convention.

Liberals, for example, have already surfaced a potential condidate in Illinois Senator Charles Percy who, along with Senators Packwood and Mathias, went to Miami this summer to help the Ripon Society "reform" the old GOP.

The reforms they propose were consciously or unconsciously designed to weaken the power of party professions at the next convention and to shift power away from traditionally Republican areas

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to the larger states and the liberal northeast.

Percy arrived in Miami as the chief reformer, leaving no doubt that if the reform could be pushed through liberals might offset the inherent conservatism of his party and help him personally, but backed off when it became obvious that they were going to lose.

And lose they did. The Percy supported delegates allocation plan was defeated in committee and smashed on the convention floor by a vote of 910 to 434. Percy, Packwood and Mathias could not even carry their own states when the issue finally reached the floor.

The outcome guaranteed that the next GOP convention will be similar in makeup to the one that met in Miami this summer. The smaller, traditionally Republican states will continue to play a major role in the candidate selection process and will force potential candidates to at least make an attempt to satisfy party conservatives.

This then is the shape of things to come as now perceived by observers in Washington. Television viewers may have been bored by this year's conventions, but 1976 promises action that few will want to miss. □

Alan Weinblatt

Why Ontological Film Books? Why Film?

It would be difficult to deny that today there is more widespread concern about the arts at almost every level of society than in recent times. This pervasive concern, be it termed malaise or unease or the sort of increasing sophistication that signals loss of innocence, has raised serious questions about the relation of movies present to those of the past, about the kinds of movies that are appearing and the audiences they attract, and about the reality of the movies at any single moment and the enormous variety of critical postures and expressions of concern which exist at every level of the movie-going public. Given this concern, this unease, we are faced with the distinctly awkward question of how best to approach the movies. Which approach do we choose? This awkwardness may best be exemplified by a wholly unoriginal (and paraphrased) query: What are good movies? What are movies good for? Ought the question even to be posed in this way? Are we dealing with two separate (and separable) problems or with two aspects of a more inclusive and significant problem: where are we to discover an approach to the movies that offers both a critical vocabulary adequate to our insights and sufficiently comprehensive not to fall prey to the reductionism of more limited and simplistic viewpoints? Perhaps such a quest is in itself delusory, a hopeless searching after a non-existent ideal. The point is moot. But, even conceding the likely impossibility of such an achievement, is not the presence of such a motivating aspiration, such a heuristic goal vital to every writer and critic and member of a movie audience? Why should this be so? Because the very act of searching, the very act of toiling in behalf of such a goal aids us continually in finding ways to articulate our own individual and immediate experience of the arts (presuming that we have had an experience that in magnitude exceeds a grunt of disapproval or a shriek of unthinking enthusiasm) and helps us to maintain our own views against the general currents and fads of the time.

Unfortunately, the prevailing tendency in movie criticism, to say nothing of the other arts, could not be more removed from that ideal. It encourages us to accede to the most blatant forms of reductionism with scarcely a whimper of protest. It cleaves the unitary question — "What are good movies? What are movies good for?" — into separable, antithetical and mutually exclusive propositions. It looks favorably on the tendency for discussion about the movies and arts in general to organize itself with inexorable rigor around one or the other of these now competitive viewpoints. Finally, it implies that by choosing one approach we have concurred in a rejection (if not outright denunciation) of the other as being undesirable if not wholly illegitimate. In the end, such unnatural division leads not only to reductive, inane abstractions but to an evasion of the ultimate problem: can we separate the objective valuation of any form of art from our own subjective response to it?

What happens when we separate these questions, treating them as independent and self-sufficient modes of investigation? In both cases the results are similar. Taken alone, "What are good movies?" reveals our desire for an objective arbiter of taste who lifts the responsibility of experiencing and thinking about our experience from our shoulders. Dictate the good, and we will wear it like a mantle of self-righteousness. Such irresponsibility inevitably fosters elitism, since, the fewer numbers of enlightened patrons, the greater glory redounding to each. In turn, narrow elitism breeds the need for recognizable signs of discrimination, for badges and symbols and marks of distinction. One of the most common of these is the film book, essentially a picture book of the most provocative or licentious stills that a publisher can cull from a single film. "See the U.S.A. in your Chevrolet," ran the maddening jingle, and all Americans answered the call, trudging here and there with the industry of mindless pilgrims, and then, at the moment of triumphant exhaustion, affixing decals to every inch of automobile glass and chrome with the fervor of old military campaigners. Sticking on those decals became a savored ritual: while the world stood in envy at our triumphs, we could bend our thoughts to territories as yet unconquered. Film books, at least the overwhelming portion, serve an analogous, distinctly decalomanic function: they chronicle and flaunt our intellectual adventures, hoping to elicit the despair and envy of our rivals. Displayed artfully on conspicuous shelves, flung carelessly on glass coffee-tables, nestled snugly between annotated copies of Hesse and Vonnegut, they signal, if nothing else, our growing intellectual dishonesty.

"What are movies good *for*?" By focusing on this point in isolation we transform the movies into a sort of technologically magnificent instrument for manipulating and coercing society and accomplishing other acts of social utility. None too subtly our focus has shifted from an interest in film *qua* film to film *qua* instrumentality, its uses and effects. Our appetite for examples and instances (film and the individual, film and the group, film and the masses) grows voracious. Hence the ostensible matter of film serves as pretext for the real matter of social observation. The results are sadly predictable. A torrential proliferation of psychological, sociological, socio-psychological, psycho-sociological and kindred other tomes about the movies. What is almost always lost sight of is the fact that the subject of social utility (inevitably reducing to the neat, S-R, Pavlovian models that issue from academic clinicians), while partially accessible to the austere rubrics and forbidding pigeonholes of the social sciences, may be portrayed with far greater brilliance and acuity by the sharpened eye of the satirist! Does the social scientist desire to give us niggling, humorless accounts of every aberration on the screen and off? So does the satirist — but with the humor intact! Social observation, whether by phychologist or satirist, trades equally in types: both activities depend on what might loosely be termed the typological imagination which dehumanizes, denatures, reduces. If, then, we continue to find this mode of criticism so heartily congenial, if we are truly determined to discuss the movies in terms of *what they are good for* (and the answers range from the depiction of malcontent and mad to the gratifying of baser desires to the short-circuiting of anti-social behavior), we ought to resolve henceforth to view the endless classifications and sub-categories and super-niches and cross-referenced slots of the social sciences as a vast province (though subordinate realm) of satire. It has long been an ill-kept secret that the apercus harvested by these disciplines were hit upon centuries earlier by the arts; their few genuine contributions could be translated with ease and relish into the appropriately acidulous tone of satire.

Thus, when T.S. Eliot remarks that "A common interest in the moving pictures—Frequently brings young people together," behind him (though discreetly out of sight) stand vast mountains of statistics about the dating

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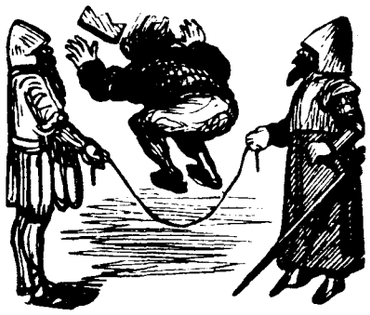
habits of adolescents, numerous inquiries into the diminished opportunities for privacy afforded by urban housing, even the demographic distribution of movie houses, all transformed, transformed utterly, condensed into Eliot's magnificent hauteur. But Eliot's classification of young people as a single unit is really overly simplistic. Young people divide into the Upwardly-Mobile-Young-Adult (in sociological notation: UMYA) and the Upwardly-Mobile-Young-Adolescent (also UMYA), who together, in a splendid example of social symbiosis, form the majority of Art Cinema patrons. Unfortunately, even if we are able to keep our UMYA's distinct from our UMYA's, such sociological profiles miss the heart of the issue: what do they seek from the Art Cinema? They view art or the serious cinema as a kind of prestigious secretion to be spread over the visible surfaces of their lives to daunt friend and foe alike. How much more felicitous, and closer to a truth expressible not as fact but as value, to skewer this genus by portraying them as they really are: pants-suited young fashionables, blatantly mispronouncing foreign tongues fortissimo, marching proudly into the cinema, and just as proudly out again, their now altered expressions of baffled exasperation worn like badges of intellectual travail. And just behind them, see the bedenimed film enthusiasts (UMYA-adolescent), their eyes glazed with adoring incomprehension, their responses thick with inarticulate fervor. And how do they secretly regard the Art Cinema? As a place where you must stand in line interminably, hurriedly gulp bad expresso as the show begins, and spend the remainder of the evening regretting both.

The proof, then, of the social utility of the movies is indubitable, incontrovertible, infinitely ramifiable: is it not clearly manifest in the movies' treacheous ability to nourish and confirm our most passionately held (and most carefully guarded) stereotypes? in its power to provide islands of refuge and solace for the bored, the lazy, the frivolous and the un-airconditioned? in its ability to reduplicate itself at will, sprouting along our highways and byways like some variety of exotic and wondrous mushroom? in its capacity to ease our cultural schizophrenia by supplying high and low cultural fare within the walls of a single twin-cinema? in its brilliant contrivance of the suburban drive-in horror movie as a backdrop for casual fornication? and in its invention of the urban adult cinema where overworked businessmen may indulge their sweetest fantasies during protracted luncheons from eleven until two?

Despite all this, the *reductio ad absurdum* of this form of argument may be seen in the suggestion that the influence, indeed the very presence, of the movies can be felt without ever having to view them — indeed, without ever leaving home. It is an analogue of the tendency in recent pop criticism to bemoan (and occasionally to celebrate) the ascendancy in originality and imaginativeness of television commercials — those strange syntheses of hardsell huckstering, insane logic, ethnic humor and visual fantasy — over the more pedestrian level of routine programming. Now it is suspected that a similar occurence has overtaken the movies as well. Though the movies may suffer impoverished creativity, their advertisements do not, leading to the suspicion that growing numbers of people, instead of going to the movies, are staying home to read the advertisements! Settle back in your favorite chair, allowing the muscles to become pleasurably limp, and cast your eyes over the superbly suggestive montage of film advertisements in your Sunday newspaper ... the feline leer of *Fritz the Cat* ("X rated and animated") juxtaposed with *Uncle Vanya* ("Anton Chekhov's immortal classic"), the first film spectacular from China, *Red Detachment of Women* ("A cultural first!") adjacent to the contemporary madness of *Skyjacked* ("One of these people is a maniac with a bomb") ... and as the mind's eye comes alive, across the memory flashes the description of that classic of several years ago, *Groupies!* ("Fantastic! The Mickey Mouse Club grows up and rapes the American Dream. Beautiful, terrifying and real.")



Terrifying and real. We can no longer draw comfort from the tired myth that movie-making and movie-criticism are hostage to the philistinism of Hollywood. The truth is, Hollywood (as euphemism, of course) is hostage to us. Requiring some measure of financial equity even to survive, the movies are held in thrall by the complex and continually elaborating cultural fantasies to which they must minister, deftly balancing every present gratification against the promise of future stimulation. Seen in this way, it is inevitable that studies of the movies become little more than particular occasions and points of departure for larger sociologies of contemporary culture; and even the inner life of the movies — the gradual evolution of styles, the deepening of genres beyond their initial meaning, the rise and fall of whole cycles and schools — tend inevitably to be regarded as involuntary (hence reluctant and grudging) responses to developments occurring in society at large. And if the movies are held in thrall to the ambient fantasies in which we swim, originality or innovation (or what these terms may come to signify) will be exercised only within limits prescribed by the outer contours and inner dialectic of our social mythology. We have become so used to a reality of gross types, so addicted to their static simplicity, so incapable of confronting the real world without their protective mediation and interposition, that, in large areas of our life and culture, the real world has quietly disappeared, become virtually invisible, and what we call reality (and much that we call art) has shrivelled and shrunk to conform to the only thing we really desire to know: types. That is why the role of the movies has very largely diminished into little more than a stage backdrop against which we play our tiresome roles, act out our "types" with unperceived pathos and sadness. And that is why a handful of sterile and ridiculous notions about the nature and purpose of art have been allowed to cloak themselves with the authority reserved for profound aesthetic dicta, and, with their scientific gimmickry whirring and cumbersome psychological and sociological machinery clanking noisily for all the world to hear, have been worshipped as the source of reality itself. While the real world, flowing quietly beyond our grasp, remains a constant if silent reproach. To the degree that events in the movies and in our lives are interchangeable and to the degree that people we encounter in the movies and in our lives are indistinguishable (not similar, not simulacra, but identical), the distinction between reality and the movies has collapsed, leaving one uncertain twilight to be known. The movies have assumed the status of visual Muzak; they have become a single facet of what we proudly call our total environment. The movies no longer show us where we are going so much as where we have been. They can no longer be said to reflect the established forms of our life — they have become assimilated to them. We have assimilated the movies to life: if assimilation is the ultimate form of conquest, we are conquerors all.

Yet, surprisingly enough, an alternative vision *does* exist, and its much acclaimed discovery (which occurs regularly every few years or so, and is just as quickly forgotten), turns out, after our feelings of congratulatory self-esteem have ebbed, to be, properly speaking, a periodic rediscovery, a periodic *recovery* of the very oldest and truest of our classical verities. For example, what remains in our memories a month or two after we have put down Michael Arlen's *The Living-Room War*, a series of wonderfully ironic verbal jabs and feints against the dismal condition of television programming? Substantively? Two points. First: that most forms of mass entertainment, television especially, serve chiefly to gratify our fantasies, to confirm and support the dream-like cocoon in which we dwell — "(Television) tells us nothing, almost nothing about how life is and how we are ... (it gives us) the world we dream we live in." Second: that the value of art, at even the most rudimentary level, lies in its ability to "at least (be) *willing* to break through the dream." Or, as Arlen puts it more succinctly in another passage: the piece of photographic film is "transformed by someone's care and sensitivity — and so one's imagination goes out toward it and connects. Come to think of it, that's what they used to say 'education' meant

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— a drawing *out*. It still sounds right." If the opposite or "Rousseauean premise" were valid, suggests Joan Didion, another perceptive critic of the contemporary scene, then "most people, left to their own devices (would) think not in cliches but with originality and brilliance." And surely even the minutest dollop of television or movie watching lays that myth to rest. The truth is, most of us might better be thought of as embodiments (willing or otherwise) of a kind of inherent entropy principle, which tends to reduce our thinking to a level of crude types and empty abstractions that require only occasional re-enforcement. Art, in one sense of its classical formulation, may be thought of as a counter-force working to shatter these types, these crude abstractions, these fuzzy and untested myths, and, by kindling the mind into activity, to be capable of bringing us slightly closer to the palpably real. Indeed, the issue may be thought of as a continuing opposition between the passive acceptance and the active pursuit of reality. Elaborating this idea, T.S. Eliot, though only briefly, touches on the possibility of what an ideal cinema might be. "You must have learned how to look at people, Peter," an aspiring movie director is told, "When you look at them with an eye for the films." And what is meant by an *eye for the films?* "That is, when you're not concerned with yourself — But just being an eye." The significance of Eliot's metaphor is twofold: first, the creation of good art depends on being able to see the world undistorted by the mind's desire for passivity; and second, that art, so created, will continue to have an analogous effect on others. Moreover, Eliot urges a not dissimilar task for the critic. In fact, the very conception of the function of criticism advanced by Eliot is strikingly similar to that which he gives to the artist; for artist and critic alike, struggle — continually defeated, continually renewed — toward disclosure of the real becomes an ethical calling, the vocation of a lifetime. Unfortunately, critics like Arlen and Didion seem content with more modest appraisals of their task, confining themselves mostly to fluent displays of irony or feelingful evocations of cosmic despair (as in Didion's allusion to Yeat's poem in *Slouching Toward Bethlehem*, for example); when they do chance to touch on the issue of casuality in cultural phenomena, it is for the most part in an offhand way, and even then their remarks are little more than aphoristic afterthoughts in their unelaborated brevity and simplicity. Of the very, very few critics who have made the attempt to combine a treatment of the movies and mass culture, of which the movies are the single most important part, with a head-on confrontation of the weightier issues in a serious, even theoretical way, Robert Warshow's posthumous volume, *The Immediate Experience*, in its willingness to range beyond irony (which is often piquant and hilarious) and lyrical impressionism into the more dangerous and shaky complexities of tracing the relations of aesthetics to the conditions of culture and language, is the acknowledged masterpiece.

The title of Warshow's consistently brilliant, vulnerably ambitious, ultimately disquieting and perhaps not entirely successful essays accomplishes a double effect: by invoking an image of the artist-critic as one whose vocation impels him to struggle to articulate his inchoate feelings and emotions (as he continually scrutinizes his changing responses to the world — and the world of art — around him) without recourse to cliched language, stale interpretation or the stock usages of past tradition, he aligns himself with those who do battle with the besetting problem of modern aesthetics — the problem of sincerity; and in so doing, he commits himself to a rejection of the traditional form of the essay as a short, tidy exposition of known truths, as blueprint or outline, as sententious espousal of commonly accepted dogma in favor of the essay conceived as dramatic performance, as a struggle (not always graceful or successful) before the public to attempt, in and through the very act of composition to hit upon fresh and more truthful valuations of ones' own experience, to come, in other words, closer to the truth, while simultaneously struggling to find those words, phrases, even vocabularies which will prove adequate to express and communicate the moment of immediate experience. Ultimately, it is to view experience (felt response) and expression (intellectual conception) as inseparable. And this, I think, is the cause of the unremitting pessimism which seems to lie at the heart of Warshow's vision: for in a world where the road to the truth dictates the necessity of perceiving things with freshness and acuity, where to cut through the types and stereotypes is paramount, where, as Iris Murdoch suggests, "We must be ruled by the situation itself, and this is utterly particular," an almost unbearable burden is placed on one's tools of expression; and if, at the same time, one's tools of expression — indeed all language, all art, all fixed, mediate forms of expressing the immediate, the utterly unique and particular, are increasingly felt to be inadequate, stale and cliched, then the task of the critic becomes at best quixotic and impossible. (If all this sounds faintly remote and academic, imagine, if you will, a condition of anxiety and uncertainty so pervasive that, in every situation and context in life, you were required to say what you mean. Imagine that your wife or loved one were suddenly to demand — a not uncommon occurrence these days — that you offer fresh and convincingly original expressions of your affection each day as proof of the sincerity of your feelings. Imagine having to dredge up your deepest feelings and heartfelt convictions, the majority of which repose unexamined and unexpressed in dusty corners of your past. Imagine that your dinner, domestic harmony and the peaceful continuance of your days all depended on finding fresh and meaningful ways of saying "I love you," and providing reasons to bolster your words! What then?)

The content of Warshow's book divides roughly into two broad segments; the first half of the book, comprising essays, sketches and pieces on American Popular Culture and American Movies, hovers somewhat uneasily between two immensely ambitious and highly theo-

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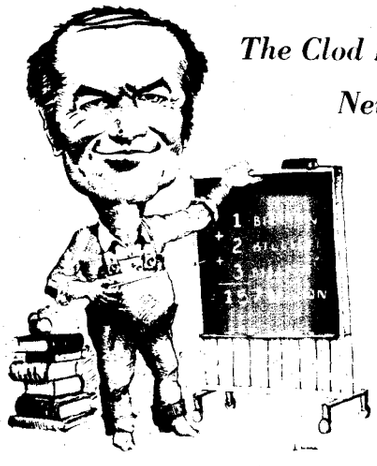

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retical speculations ("Author's Preface" and "Legacy of the 30s") which attempt to think through, among other issues, the complex nature of the bonds between the movies and culture per se, and the almost indescribably beautiful piece entitled "An Old Man Gone," in which Warshow, amidst the arrangements and preparations for his father's funeral, makes the attempt (and, mind plummeting, thoughts lunging dangerously out of control as he tries to understand the frightening compulsion that lies behind this attempt) to puzzle out, to frame in words something like a definitive meaning of his father's life. Between these polar opposites of high theory and almost unbearably intense, raw experience occur a number of other assorted pieces (far less ambitious, more focused, more controlled) on comics, individual movies, single authors and the nature of two natively American movie genres, the Western and the Gangster film. The second half of the book, which consists of related writings on "Charles Chaplin" and "The Art Film," is more involved in traditional cinematic dispute over questions of the relation of technique to the exact nature of the cinematic medium, and discussion of these is best postponed to be dealt with in the larger context of the writings of Arnheim, Eisenstein, Bazin and others.

High theory and the evocation of intensely immediate experience: the drama of Warshow's writing is, at its most vital, to draw these poles together, to discover their mutuality, to declare them fully complementary facets of the same, common stuff of experience. At first, this dramatic movement is not clearly evident. Dipping into the volume at random, finding here an essay on the comics (remember when parents regarded them as Public Enemy Number One?), there a piece on Clifford Odets, followed at random by discussions about Arthur Miller, the Rosenbergs (Julius and Ethel) and *The New Yorker Magazine* (vintage 1947), the essays seem more independent, more self-contained, less implicated in the general meaning of each other. But then, at a certain moment, the conclusion to each essay, the summing up, the drawing forth of meaning from the subject at hand, begins to reveal a tell-tale similarity to each of the others. For, in almost every case, whatever the actual subject being discussed, Warshow's method of closure is to invoke, to draw upon a highly limited repository of recurring words ("experience," "feeling," "reality," "vocabulary," "adequate," "inadequate," "escape," "detachment," "defense," "evasions," "gratification," "posture," "role" and "attitude" are some), often amplifying their latent suggestivity in rather lengthy paragraphs of expository prose, occasionally embedding the same key word in highly disparate kinds of explanation (first art, then politics, for example), until, almost without warning, each essay becomes but a particular, almost subordinate illustration of a more general, more critically important, set of meanings, which it is Warshow's real aim to communicate. And, in turn, these meanings may be said to inhere, to draw their very sustenance from an underlying myth or set of related myths — and myth is really the only word suitable — that stand at the center of Warshow's thought. What is the nature of that myth? Two parts may be distinguished: an event of cataclysmic magnitude, cast in politico-metaphysical terms, which functions as a First Cause; and a wide range of Effects, which can, more or less successfully, be organized hierarchically as of prime or secondary importance. What is the nature of this cataclysm? Bearing directly on this point is a brilliant passage from Walter Jackson Bate's *The Burden of the Past and the English Poet:*

"A great deal of modern literature—and criticism—is haunted, as Stephen Spender says, by the thought of a 'Second Fall of Man,' and almost everything has been blamed: the Renaissance loss of the medieval unity of faith, Baconian science, British empiricism, Rousseau, the French Revolution, industrialism, nineteenth-century science, universities and academicism, the growing complexity of ordinary life, the spread of mass media."

For Warshow, the politico-metaphysical cataclysm was not any of these, except in a highly indirect, contributory manner, but rather the "crucial experience" of "the Communist movement of the 1930s"—hence the centrality of his initial essay, "The Legacy of the 1930s"—which manifested itself, first, as "a disastrous vulgarization of intellectual life, in which the character of American liberalism and radicalism was decisively —and perhaps permanently—corrupted" and second, as a kind of invisible, noxious malady—the "psychological and sociological phenomenon" of "Stalinism"—which, having struck our collective psyche in the 1930s, has been slowly and invidiously poisoning American culture ever since. More importantly, its prime effects—and here Warshow, in his concern with the precarious relationship between the health of a culture and the health of a language, sounds remarkably like T.S. Eliot—have been two. First, since "the problem of experience and the problem of a language for (expressing that) experience are...one," our very capacity to experience broadly and deeply and actively has perilously diminished, and, equally significant, "having removed (ourselves) from experience as experience...the problem of feeling—and thus the problem of art—is not faced." The litany of secondary effects that Warshow sees as having enfeebled our culture and hence our popular art, notably the movies, is neither surprising nor unexpected: having at least partially destroyed the delicate symbiosis between language and culture, we have sought refuge from the overwhelming complexities of experience (which our brittle and attenuated language cannot comprehend) through various evasions, defenses, postures and roles; we have enlisted all levels of culture—high and low —to gratify this consequent craving for simplicity and stasis; and all this has wrought the decline of our language, our art and our sensibilities. And yet, in its capacity to reawaken our sensibilities, is not art also the instrument of redemption? And in terms of the argument what better agent of cultural transformation than the movies? If such an awakening were to be grounded in the broad tradition of humanistic epistemology that seeks to kindle the mind into activity, what, then, would be the precise nature, the essence, the ontology of such a medium? For that reason, the yoking of ontology and film is hardly gratuitous. Epistemology mirrors ontology, and the movies, as we grow more self-conscious and concerned, must accept the burden of investigation and examination as part of the larger choice that looms: to accept reality as it is imposed on us by a debased art of our own creation, or to rediscover art so that through it we may recover reality. □

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Kevin S. Olson

The Greening of the Democratic Party

(MIAMI BEACH) — It is true that the real business of a convention goes on in seventeenth-floor hotel suites, in smoke-filled rooms where nervous delegates are laid on the rack; but there is an incomparable sense of exhilaration gained from jostling about in the absolute bedlam of the convention floor, the inhabitants of which read like a Who's Who of the liberal left.

John Lindsay sits dejectedly in the front of the New York delegation, dreaming of what might have been. A few yards back John Galbraith gazes at his surrounding Massachusetts delegation, then confers with an excited Arthur Schlesinger, perhaps over McGovern's latest economic convolution. Jimmy Breslin swears at a reporter. In the next aisle over Norman Mailer is interviewing Gloria Steinem, and a few yards down Abbie Hoffmann and Jerry Rubin are interviewing a bewildered midwestern senator. The sight reminds one of a king-sized Bernstein cocktail party, for everywhere, famous or nondescript, is radical chic: adolescent longhairs, dashiki'd blacks, middle-aged men in turtleneck medallions, alienated professors, rich matrons with "Boycott Lettuce" buttons.

And on and on it goes, a sybaritic soiree extending from prime time through the wee hours of the morning. Monday dissolves into Tuesday, into Wednesday — on the floor it is all the same, a classical debauchery deafened by an endless

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parade of unintelligible speakers. (Is that Fred Harris attacking the rich? Gloria Steinem attacking the chauvinists? Or is that Larry O'Brien telling the delegates to shut up and clear the aisles?) The delegates will not clear the aisles, they are having too much fun: Michigan visits Indiana, Texas says hello to Kentucky and that man over there is drunk. At one point I am told by a turtleneck medallion that ninety per cent of the delegates are new and innocent, and I reply that, after all, it is much nicer to bump into a Gloria Steinem or Marlo Thomas than a sweaty Daley delegate, but the force of his point does not hit me until a few minutes later, when I feel a tug at my coatsleeve: "Excuse me, were you in my Pol. Sci. 102 class last quarter?" Most indubitably, but who — it is Laura G.! She is a California delegate! The mind boggles.

In the aisle next to New York stand two well-dressed, middle-aged men — holding hands. Up front in the California section, hell hath no fury like two women arguing — especially when they are Bella Abzug and Shirley McClaine screaming about feminist strategy. Over in Virginia an Indian, replete with beads, fringes and headfeathers, reads delegate totals into the microphone. And in all directions is an endless clamor, a sea of jubilant faces, a chaotic saturnalia of fashion.

The effervescence does not mask the political import of what is happening, however. Even the bleary eyes of the journalist can see that the Old Guard, the traditional Democrats who moulded the party and ran it for decades, are suddenly no longer around. Oh, they are there when Wallace is wheeled to the podium — leaping up and cheering from the Texas and Alabama delegations, waving red-white-and-blue placards. But such moments are rare, and it is obvious that this is their last hurrah, for they are vastly outnumbered by a new species of political animal which has invaded and conquered the Democratic party.

This strange and fearful species — a curious amalgam of the arrogant collegiate, the militant minorities, Beautiful People, Ugly People and academicians — is the McGovernite, and it is in full force everywhere. The McGovernites leave no stone unturned in their ideological battle, interrogating every delegate, canvassing every section of the convention floor, fighting ferociously when backed into a corner by the credentials committee. Not content with unceremoniously deposing the old, traditional Democrats, they relax only when they have succeeded in nominating for President the most radical serious candidate in our nation's history, a man comparable, in recent times, only to old Henry Wallace and his rosy-colored Progressives back in '48. And this, to judge by the fervor in their eyes, is only the beginning.

What makes the McGovernite run? I wonder. I converse with several of them and conclude that the passions by which they are motivated are only partially ideological. Yet I cannot place the missing quality, the sociological characteristic that can explain the McGovern phenomenon.

Finally, on the last night of the convention, I discover the missing link. It comes to me as I listen to McGovern's acceptance speech, for the words, the tone, the plaintive voice are not those of a politician, but of a prairie preacher. "Come home, America" — the words which ring through the auditorium are spellbindingly evangelical, piercing to a need for faith that lies deep in the American soul. The proselytism, the intolerant self-righteousness, the spiritual ardency of the convention are all suddenly explained: McGovernism is a religion, a faith which promises salvation. The Senator is a deity, albeit a humble one, and his supporters are thoroughly solifidian. Their ideological battle is in truth a holy war; sheer good against sheer evil. It has been repackaged for the seventies, clothed in the latest political fads, but in reality the Greening of the Democratic Party is the same utopian dream, the same dangerous mixture of collectivism and romanticism that has historically victimized the Left.

For this reporter, the Democratic convention came as a strange interlude in the middle of an eleven-thousand-mile journey 'round the country. During this 31-state odyssey I made a point of talking with the locals, attempting to gauge the political atmosphere of the city, the town, the farm. I discovered that many citizens, possibly a large majority, are indifferent or hostile to McGovern. But: (1) many, many people in this country are dissatisfied with the status quo. Discontent is not the sole property of the Left, it affects everyone from Des Moine to Cape Cod, Biloxi to Phoenix. (2) McGovern's appeal is not to reason (the hard facts of his radicalism, if broadcasted, would deflate him instantly), but to the emotions, the soul and the spirit. And it is a powerful appeal. Mix these two, add a dose of capriciousness to the *ennui* of the American populace, and we have a formidable and unpredictable brew.

The impact of this struck me, not in Miami Beach, but far, far away, as I camped at the bottom of the Grand Canyon. The bottom of the Canyon is a sort of summer mecca for the young, offering unparalleled scenery and the total absence of the Establishment. It is, however, 110 degrees in the summer, so most of one's daylight time is spent sitting in a creek that flows into the Colorado River.

Sitting in the creek with me on this particular day was a cross-section of youth from all over the country: students from New York, hippie girls from Montana, a worker from Kokomo. The talk got around to politics, and it turned out that every single one of them was working, in one way or another, for George McGovern. "Tell all the people that you see," said a student, "to work for McGovern. That's what I'm doing, and it's working. Just tell everyone you see."

Tell all the people, indeed. Most political analysts assert that McGovern is a reverse Goldwater whose party will swing back to the right after a crashing defeat in November. They do not take into account, however, the piety, the evangelism of his movement. And it is just possible that (a) the radicalization of the Democratic party will be permanent, and (b) barring further miracles, the Democrats will become the minority party and the following years will be Republican ones. But (c) again, like true believers, McGovern's followers believe quite strongly in miracles...I cannot believe that the American people would be so foolish as to elect George McGovern. But it is much less difficult to believe that I have witnessed the most important political convention of the twentieth century. □

PUBLIC DISCOURSE

(continued from page 4)

reforms and admonitions there is — nothing. No clear sense of the purposes and goals to be achieved by these programs; no underlying unity among the disparate parts; no clear sense of mission animating the statement; no intelligible vision of what a good or ideal America might look like. In one way or another, the platform is for more centralization and more decentralization; more equality and more inequality; stronger defense and weaker defense; more economy and less economy; more employment and less employment; higher taxes and lower taxes; more bureaucracy and less bureaucracy; more welfare and less welfare. It all adds up to nothing more than the sum of its contradictory parts. Certainly this is not a platform that will in fact give the people "their country back again" (whatever that means), let alone a clear sense of national purpose. It is simply an amalgam of old Great Society type liberal policies, to be applied like bandaids to the body politic at random.

For a long time, liberalism had an admirable sense of the location and urgency of needless suffering and injustice in our society and a clear idea of its own political purpose — to reduce suffering and as liberals came under the late 1960s as liberalism discovered that it and its programs were sometimes the source of public problems and private such suffering and as liberals came under attack from their former allies and from the beneficiaries of their reforms, its heart was broken. Observers began to write of the death or end of liberalism, and liberals found themselves confused and uncertain.

The 1972 Democratic platform shows that this crisis has not yet been resolved. The party continues to advocate liberal programs but has lost faith in the liberal vision of their purpose, as is illustrated by its fantasized picture of American society and, most sordidly, in its advocacy of race and sex quotas in hiring. In every sense of the phrase, the platform is an expression of endless liberalism — and that is something which all of us should worry about. □

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Roger Rosenblatt

The Great American Column

The Last Picture Show and The Next

The Last Picture Show has been a success for a long enough time by now to be considered fair game for some unfavorable comment. I'm not particularly interested in *The Last Picture Show* as a work of entertainment, though I enjoyed it immensely, but I am interested in its failure as a work of criticism. Please don't tell me that the movie wasn't meant to be criticism, because I can prove you wrong. So can the multitude of its reviewers who perceived in the picture an important message about American civilization. *The Last Picture Show* is meant to be a work of criticism and as such it makes the same basic mistake which most of our cultural criticism makes, and has always made, which also happens to be the same mistake the reviewers made in declaring the movie important.

For those of you who have yet to see it, the picture is made up of a series of antitheses which are meant to be, and are, instantly recognizable: (1) Our modern cowboy-hero is introduced to us not as a winner, but as the inept quarterback of a losing high school football team. (2) His loyal side-kick is neither loyal nor honorable; in a fight over the local teen-age Beauty the side-kick rams a pop bottle into the hero's eye. (3) The girl in question, no Rhonda Fleming, is a grasping little moron headed in the example of her mother (not Beulah Bondi either), a bigger grasper, though less of a moron. The heroine's virginity, a necessary if unmentionable factor in the early Westerns, is here considered a liability (4), for which the girl apologizes to one of the local villains (5), and for which she sloppily makes amends (6). Instead of showing us the standard tavern bar-girl-songstress-(prostitute?) with the heart of gold, we are presented with (7) a foul-mouthed fat whore stuffed into the back seat of a car, ready to do quickies for change. Her customer in the movie is the conventional Western cripple, in this instance not the valiant misfit who proves his mettle in the Great Attack, but (8) a wretched mute who sweeps the streets and is killed, not in a real stampede, but by a cattle truck (9), whose driver is sore that the kid got in his way.

So it goes. The hero and heroine get married, only to have their marriage annulled immediately after the ceremony (10), which is fine with the heroine who only wanted to get married for kicks anyway (11). The hero finds love, or a comfortable facsimile, with his coach's wife, and vice versa. The coach knows all about their liaison, but that's all right (12) because this is a Western of opposites. When the hero's side-kick goes off to the army he leaves the hero his beat-up jalopy (13), horses not being what they used to. Nor is the town what it used to be (14). Instead of the strength of the community resting with The Little Guy, it sits squarely with The Rich (15), the ones who struck oil, and who now, rather than heading further west (16), only want to become Eastern, suburban and upwardly Mobil. Even that old time religion is dead. The town's spokesman for God is not the kindly old parson, nor the surprisingly tough and handsome young one, but a pimple-faced creep (17) who is picked up by the police for abducting a little girl whom he wanted to look at with her drawers down.

Emblematic of all the antitheses is the last picture show itself, a John Wayne Western. Following the ritual of movie-going the hero and his side-kick sit alone in the dark theater on its last night of operation watching the grandeur that was Texas from the waste-land that is. At the same time it is patently clear that the movie is also watching the two boys, present disintegration and the trumped up glory of the past facing each other without a twinge of mutual recognition. When the last reel flips off the spindle and the house lights blast on, so breaks the connection between eras. John Wayne rounds up his wagon train of pardners and golden-hearted girls and gets a move on, while our two midnight cowboys barely acknowledge the fact that there will be no more picture shows for them. The song which has been twanging throughout the movie is "Why Don't You Love Me Like You Used to Do?" It's the song of the new lone prairee, nobody loving anyone or anything like they used to do, nothing being as it was.

The fact that all of these elements are obvious does not mean that they are ineffective. If the roles depicted in *The Last Picture Show* are superficial and built upon transparent prototypes, the actors do not seem to be aware of their model and therefore play their parts with great earnest innocence. No, the fault of the movie lies simply in its ambition. *The Last Picture Show* thinks that it is saying something about the decline of the West and of the American spirit, and that it is illustrating the end of American romanticism to boot. Instead, it is merely saying that the decline of the West has occurred and is itself an illustration of the fact that our romanticism is stronger than ever.

The sin which this movie commits is the same sin which American cultural criticism has committed from its beginnings: it takes sides without establishing a context of understanding. The particular side *The Last Picture Show* takes is that of the past glory, real or imagined, of the golden West, against the harsh reality of its present. Thus the neat antitheses, to demonstrate how the mighty have fallen. But in rushing to manufacture those antitheses the makers of the movie have omitted the only question in this business which would interest us: is the harsh reality of the present a logical consequence of the fragile glory of the past, or, if the gloriousness of the past is itself all bunk, is the harsh reality of the present a logical consequence of maintaining the sham? In other words, how and why did our town arrive at its last picture show? Without answering or even posing that question *The Last Picture Show* becomes what it is, another Western. It does not cry romantically that all is wild and wonderful on the Western front. It cries romantically that all is dead.

Movies have pulled this kind of stunt for a long time, usually in the name of somebody's conception of reality. *Patterns* was supposed to be a realistic expose of the business world because it was unhappy. *The French Connection* is supposed to offer a realistic depiction of police work because it is ruthless. The inside dope which is regularly being thrown at us on doctors, lawyers, cartographers, actuaries etc., is inevitably the inside dirt, though, of course, all that these stories do is to substitute one form of absolutism, or wishful thinking, for another. None of our so-called realistic movies, any more than *The Last Picture Show*, is a true work of criticism. What passes for criticism in them is merely disapproval and what passes for disapproval (because this kind of disapproval always connotes and supports the right ideals) is essentially a form of celebration.

But the central idiocy here is the notion that one is interpreting something by being for it or against it (which side are you on anyway, stranger?). So it has been all along in our cultural criticism and elsewhere. We either listen to those who persistently wring their hands and moan that there is no culture in mechanized, materialistic (and oil-based) America, nor can there ever be, or to those who continue to light up like pinball machines at our every product, finding in our manifest cultural destiny the future of mankind. Needless to say, both voices are the same voice. Each considers some aspect of the national culture, and character, not as an intellectual but as a moral issue and therefore is more concerned with being right than interesting.

As the years accumulate, we repeat balefully and looking backwards, that

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nothing in our culture or national life shocks us anymore. According to every generation or demi-generation, the quality of our books and music, our styles of dress, our manners, our language and various ethical codes have all been shot to hell, and we are not shocked. The reason we are so worried about not being shocked is that we have come to expect shocks and enormous surprises as part of our cultural history. We have come to expect severe changes as well, revolutions, counter-revolutions and antitheses. To say that nothing shocks us anymore admits to our availability to be shocked, but the deeper truth is that we would prefer shock to understanding or exploration, because shock is a condition of the moral man.

The critic, then, the man of taste and discrimination, becomes chief among moral men. It is he who will tell us what is worthwhile (good, good for us, to be liked) in our culture and what is not (evil, harmful, to be scorned). Equipped with right instinct, he does not need to bother himself or us with reasons and qualifications. Nor, when it comes down to it, do we seem to want to be so bothered. The past is good; and the present is bad. If it's bad enough for Hollywood, it's bad enough for us.

It is this substitution of a facile sense of morality for real sense which is at the heart of the trouble. It is at the heart of the trouble with *The Last Picture Show* (which chooses between the "rightness" of sitting tall in the saddle, and the "rightness" of declaring that we shall have no more picture shows), and it is at the heart of the trouble with our criticism, our journalism, our art, our politics and us. How can there ever be a last picture show? Let someone contend that the West has gone to pot this year, and next season someone else will come out with *The Last Picture Show Runs Again*, starring John Wayne, Jr. and a cast of a thousand virtues.

This is the way it is with us: devils or seraphim, bearing the full weight and power of the country within ourselves alone, feeling individually capable of defining or speaking for the national character when we are not even sure such an entity exists, deciding that when we are good we must be perfect, that when we are bad we need redemption, in short, behaving as melodramatically as our movies portray us. There is no Great American Dream, nor Great American Nightmare. There is no Great American Novel, nor Great American Hero, nor Villain, nor Tragedy, nor Way, nor Past nor Future. There is only The Great American Column. That, and a various and complicated people, filling out their lives in a two hundred year-old democracy, trying to make a go of it, and of their own best wishes. □

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David Brudnoy

How Green Grows My America?

In the fall of 1970 Mr. Charles Reich's book, *The Greening of America*, descended from heaven and became instantly the most talked about thing in print since the Gospel. Mr. Reich found himself a culture-hero to the counter-culture, subject of innumerable articles in the *New York Times*, a rival even to his Yale colleague Erich Segal (of *Love Story*) for popularity on the TV talk-show circuit. Everybody knew who Charles Reich was, and everybody who mattered was trying to figure out how he could become Consciousness III — or, alternatively, what was wrong with Consciousness III and right about Consciousness II, no one, of course, having anything much good to say for wretched old Consciousness I.

We hear less about Charles Reich these days, though his terms "greening of America" and "Consciousness III" have entered the language, sometimes in that most flattering way,through take-offs: the "blueing of America," to refer to the rise of the blue-collar working class into the academic ivory towers; the "browning of America," meaning the turning sour of the Great Green Dream; "Consciousness IV," the designation assumed by those who proclaim themselves beyond Charles Reich and his youth brigade, if that's possible;*etc. ad nauseum*.

Everybody is by now familiar with what Mr. Reich meant by his three levels of consciousness. "I" is the old invidualism that made America, that spawned Republicans, laissez-faire economics, the A.M.A. and all the other Bad Old Things. Then came "II," ushered in approximately with Franklin Delano Roosevelt: the New Deal statism that has expanded its tentacles to entrap us all, creeping on through the years presided over by That Man in the White House, Give 'Em Hell Harry, Dwight the Good, John the Bold, Lyndon the Uncredible and Richard the Sly. Clearly, Mr. Reich was saying, both Consciousnesses I and II were dreary; they had to be superseded.

By whom? By the Youth. By that generation spawned out of Consciousness II, by the Love-Peace-Freedom-Happiness generation, the children in their multi-colored bell bottoms, eating their organic peanut butter, pawing each other's long, lovely locks, grooving on their socially-conscious music, reading their relevant, biodegradable pamphlets. By that generation standing as a living reproach to the grasping, materialistic, death-dealing Robert Strange McNamaras and Melvin Lairds of America. By the beautiful kids, the truth-talking kids, the happy, free kids. And so back to the womb of protected infancy.

It was a comforting picture, Mr. Reich's, a picture of a revolution that would come about through a transformation of consciousness, not through guns, not through making war but by extending love to all corners of the globe. Making work "de-institutionalized" and "de-alienated" and hence relevant. Making life worth living. Making life.

And oh, how the Consciousness IIs descended on Mr. Reich. From out of cuckoo-land came Herbert Marcuse, thrashing about in a corner of the *Times'* Op Ed page, searching for ways to insist that "violence is ingrained in this society," and so, to expunge Con I and Con II, the Reichian road would never do. "Sentimental sublimation" is the way Dr. Marcuse dismissed Mr. Reich. Off we go to Repressive Tolerance, or whatever handy catchphrase the sage of San Diego is into these days.

The essayist Marya Mannes crawled onto the Op Ed page to bitch a bit about the lack of "beauty" in the new youth culture's aesthetic, and then, shifting gears, to point out that amplified sound isn't "natural" — "naturalness" being a Reichian criterian for Con III — and in other ways to show in her alloted thousand words that Charles Reich pipe-dreams.

The ex-diplomat and Princeton scholar George F. Kennan got in his licks on the Op Ed page — all of these Get Reich columns appearing within a matter of weeks — with some old fashioned Con II arguments. The kids aren't *doing* anything to make the bright new world, Mr. Kennan complained. By just turning on, they're helping no one. "Romantic-utopian moods, illusions and hysterias of one sort or another" — that's George Kennan's evaluation of what America's students tend to yield to in times of stress like our own.

Harvard Professor John Kenneth Galbraith appeared one day on the Op Ed page and took on Mr. Reich for not understanding that there will have to be a degree of work and organization, "rules for the new game" as for the old, even in the perfect utopia of the Third Green Reich. Dr. Galbraith, with his vested interest in Consciousness II, was naturally somewhat distressed by Charles Reich's cavalier dismissal of Con II and all its welfare works.

Sometimes we can determine the immediacy of an idea by noticing the ferventness of the opposition to it. The amount of space devoted to trying to knock Charles Reich into a cocked hat tells us something about the impact his *Greening* had. The periodical journals went after Charles Reich with the old double-whammy: how cool, how lovely his Con III, but how naive, how fanciful his analysis. Thus *Time*, thus *Newsweek*, thus most of the large-circulation periodicals. *The New York Times Book Review* assigned *Greening* to Peter Marin, director of an experimental free school. Mr. Marin loved the book but thought Mr. Reich was too quick to assume that everything is "safe" so long as this happy, pacific "revolution" was on its way to sweeping the world. Amidst the usual chatter about fascism across the land, with the predictable, requisite swipes at Nixon, Agnew, Mitchell, Daley, Rizzo and the

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rest of those troglodytes of Cons I and II, Mr. Marin pointed out how grim things still are. "My bones and the lives of my friends tell me that we are already two steps into an ice age, a dark age of the soul," Mr. Marin whispered, by way of chiding Mr. Reich for telling us how *his* bones told him what they did.

From all sides came the closer look at that book which, when it first appeared excerpted in *The New Yorker* in the early fall of 1970, had caused such a sensation. The liberal *New Republic*, through Mr. Peter Caws, observed that the perceptive minority must influence those in power before anything meaningful by way of a consciousness alteration can occur. So long as Mr. Reich was merely slashing his way through earlier American history, Peter Caws read contentedly, but as Reich meandered into that forbidden garden wherein one dares to find fault with too much of the Consciousness II paradise in which we live, so Mr. Caws grew testy.

National Review assigned me to look at *Greening*, and I did so (December 15,1970), observing that Charles Reich notwithstanding, what *I* saw around me was not so much a truly new consciousness as a dropping out glossed over with the pretense of being "into" something new and big and bold. I regretted that a truly new consciousness doesn't exist to any very great degree, a consciousness embodying both the virtues of the old American spirit and those new virtues which here and there one sees about us among a few of our students and younger friends. Now, nearly two years later, I find things in some ways much the same, and in other ways very different.

II

What was wrong in Mr. Reich's picture of the Con III people is still wrong. If anything, those who've swallowed the Reich hogwash are still gargling with it. Those, that is, who've assumed that a whole generation can be transformed by what they wear; what they listen to; what noble thoughts they emblazon in their hearts and tack up on their walls; what they preach from their mouths filled with the righteousness of tasting Truth and declaring it Good; what they insist, with ever-increasing stubbornness, is Undeniable and hence must be proclaimed universally — these people are still with us.

Their crusades, however, have altered somewhat. Last year they were convinced that "racism" and "fascism" stood as the predominant evils keeping this wretched country from attaining perfection. Now they have added "sexism" and have also gone off to save the environment. They found "ecologism" and it is good, and they never rest. They want their brave new world now, and they'll be damned before they'll let anyone tell them otherwise.

Women's Lib has arisen in those fields wherein the Con III children frolic. In their absolute conviction that because they are the manifestations of a new consciousness, they know best, in fact know *all*, they simultaneously proclaim their absolute reverence for all human life and show through their arguments that some human life deserves no consideration at all. The brilliant reformer Margaret Fuller, Emerson's dear friend, wrote in her 1845 book, *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*, that half the souls of this world, women's souls, were clogged up by subjugation to the other half, men's souls. Fuller's spiritual descendants today say much the same thing, although with not half her style and grace.

They are terribly concerned about all those women's souls clogged up by men; Consciousness III does not permit such hang-ups. But they're absolutely callous about those souls of human beings on their way to birth — the fetuses of those "clogged up" women. When we hear a constant refrain that "Women Must Determine Their Own Lives and Use Their Bodies As They Danm Well Please," we might ask which of those shrill criers of woman's rights gives a second thought to the rights of the as-yet unborn. I cannot look at those young Con IIIs nattering about me, and listen to their protests about "sexism," without wondering why they are so blithely unconcerned about the next generation.

In short, the primary evil of Consciousness III, taking Mr. Reich's description at face-value, is that it is completely inward-turning, whatever rhetoric its exponents may use to make it seem otherwise. Not turning inward to discover themselves so as to build themselves into people worthy of acting amidst their fellow humans, for the good of society, for the weaving of a more just social fabric. But inward-turning to the exclusion of caring about anyone but themselves and those absolutely identical to them. The young socialist Steven Kelman, author of *Push Comes to Shove*, put it well from his perspective as a social activist: "Just as you don't end pollution by chanting Hare Krishna at a dirty stream, so you don't create nicer people merely by circulating the love poems of John Lennon and Yoko Ono."

Nor do we create a better world by ripping-off, stealing prettied up by an ideology that Stealing is Right. This too is what Con III has come to. In discussing conservatism with my college American History students, I point out that to some degree everybody is at least a "possessive conservative," by which I mean that everybody wants to conserve, preserve, the things that are his. The young Con III wants *his* stereo set, *his* Honda, *his* threads, *his* guitar, and—well, the point is clear. Everybody is to that degree possessive, and to that degree, if conservative in no other way, everybody is conservative. But with possessive conservatism, which we all manifest, comes a corollary: respect for the possessions of others.

And "ripping-off?" Ripping off assumes that *I* (and by extension my "brothers" and "sisters" defined narrowly, albeit not familially — my buddies and fellow practitioners of the good third consciousness) am entitled to my possessions, but others are not. Abbie Hoffman is too grasping, too obviously a hypocritical user of the capitalist system for advancing his authoritarian, conformist ends, to be a real hero of Consciousness III. I do not want to brand them with him, but only to note that it is *they* who buy *his* little Gospel of Ripping-Off, *Steal This Book;* it is *they* who approve *his* ethic of taking from the "Establishment" because — because the Establishment is wicked, but Abbie and his dearies are nice. If a Con III is not actually himself ripping somebody off, is is at least lolling in the grass watching the ripping-off around him, damning the police for "persecuting" the innocents who run afoul of the oppressive Law.

The most preposterous exemplars of Consciousness III have not improved, either, in their mindless adoration of high-fallutin' rhetoric, their easy acceptance of the sorts of silly things Mr. Reich said, and the silly sorts of things

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the Latter-Day Reichians say. In a brilliantly devastating dissection of *Greening* in the August 1971 *Encounter*, Henry Fairlie, going no farther than page fourteen of Mr. Reich's book, showed how Reich's glibness utterly distorted reality. Mr. Reich saw "America. . . dealing death, not only to people in other lands, but to its own people," and observed that all the "most thoughful and passionate of our youth" agree. But in fact they do not. They are as divided among themselves about the meaning of Kent State, the Vietnam War, "racism," and the like, as are the older generations. "Nineteen sixty-eight was the year of Chicago. Nineteen sixty-nine was the year of Woodstock. That speaks of the distance we have come." So wrote Charles Reich. He saw Woodstock but ignored nineteen seventy, which saw Altamont. Which also speaks of the distance "we" have come. Mr. Reich noticed the happy children of Consciousness III but he didn't tell us about those killing themselves with heroin, or of those killing each other, for that matter, with their proselytizing for drugs *per se*. Anything to get with reality, they say. The pied-piper of the Yale Law School painted his picture of a tribe of awareness-questers. *His* canvas was all pinks and blues and greens; reality, however, adds the greys and browns and blacks, the dark side of unrestrained experimentation with drugs.

Mr. Reich saw only the "repression" against America's youth, her dissenters, her changers. And yet, contrary to what Mr. Reich and his college's president, Kingman Brewster, told us, protestors are freer today to protest than ever before, anywhere. Mr. Reich's and Mr. Brewster's Negroes can get a fair trial *nowhere* in America, but reality's Negroes in Mr. Reich's and Mr. Brewster's own city, New Haven, and elsewhere, are walking away from their trials free: viz. Angela Davis, Huey Newton, et al. Everything goes, literally everything, in the "underground" press. As the former Chancellor of the State University of New York, Samuel B. Gould, observed: "The brilliant prose styles of student newspaper columnists and editorial writers. . .skillfully improvise on four-letter words, making every verb irregular, every tense imperfect, every noun peculiarly singular and possesive. . .always arriving at amazingly erotic and unlikely conjunctions." And who bothers them?

Mr. Reich told us that "we seem to be living in a society that no one created and that no one wants." But in fact, as Mr. Fairlie quickly pointed out in *Encounter*, and as any check of the evidence confirms, just about everybody in America *wants* precisely the middle-class comforts, standard of living, values, that this nation, better and more extensively than any other huge nation, has provided for nearly all its people.

One does not have to refer again to *Greening of America* to see the same sorts of ludicrous remarks. In a new book, *EST The Steersman Handbook: Charts of the Coming Decade*, L. Clark Stevens hatches Son of Greening of America, filling his 154 pages with preposterous *ex cathedra* declarations of just the sort of which Mr. Reich seemed for a season to have the monopoly rights. Mr. Stevens' "non-linear Simulsense Movement" is Mr. Reich's Consciousness III somewhat more apocalyptically tuned. Mr. Reich said that the Youth Revolution Is Trying To Make America Livable (that from the jacket of the book before he and his publisher put an even more long-winded revelation there). He said it would take a while to arrive. Mr. Stevens gives us just until 1976, the two-hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. We either make it by then, or—or, end of the story.

All around us we see Con IIIs, or Simulsensualists, or whatever they'll be calling themselves tomorrow, grasping solely after their own well-being, catching the tails of passing fads and riding them for a whirl or two or three, playing monkey with hands over eyes and ears when shown or talked to about the death *they* deal to others (abortion, some aspects of the drug business). They are so immune to reason that they cannot even consider that perhaps enslavement is worse than war — that, to be specific, perhaps war in Indochina, or war in the Middle East, or war God knows where, might in fact be preferable to allowing people to be conquered by Communism, or destroyed by Irredentism, or oppressed by whatever new sort of fiendishness reveals itself on the horizon tomorrow. We see around us still, and *not* decreasingly, despite the sanguine observations of those who've told us that things are back to normal on the campuses — we see around us Consciousness III in its ugliest forms. Charles Reich did not spawn Con III; he just carelessly prettied it up, packaged it, propagandized it. And now we are obliged to deal with it not just as a phenomenon but as a philosophy, not just as "what's happening, baby," but as what *should* happen, as an inevitability as rigidly determined, or so Mr. Reich says, as was that march to socialism that Karl Marx told a suffering world was discernable in the distance.

III

And yet, in some ways things *are* different, and better. Consciousness III in its vileness is around us, boring us silly and sometimes hurting us and them; but the "movement" is not yet winning. I think it is losing. Not because everything that Charles Reich saw in his giggly high was unworthy, but because, although the fundamental essence of Con III is grotesque, there are tendencies within it which are beneficial and which are infusing to some degree the lives of those people who are abandoning the utter selfishness and callousness of Con III but are holding on to the searching, the openness of it.

That to which I refer is not the banality of the rosy-tinted image of the greened Youth forming the peroration of Mr. Reich's book—the flowers pushing up through the concrete pavement bit. This brighter side of the situation is found in the increasing willingness of young people, at least some of those with whom I have daily contact at school and among various younger friends, to stand back a bit and look skeptically at everything they are told, not just at what they see in the "Establishment" that they still so often disdain in toto. Many young people have caught the stench of Consciousness III in their nostrils, and they've decided that *it* smells too.

While the student "anti-war" movement, and those other movements so omnipresent in recent years, have begun to fade out, an increasing number of students are holding on to their hope for a better America, and a better world, but deciding to some degree that more study, more collection of data, more reflection is needed before they can make the changes that they believe are necessary. I see an upsurge of broadly-ranging skepticism in the college generation with which I work. I see a commendable tendency to hold on to an image of what things "should" be joined now with a more realistic awareness that things as they "are" also deserves consideration. We do not leap from one consciousness to another and instantly transform the muddy waters into sparkling springs.

I do not see on the campuses a serious retreat to infancy, a *Love Story* inanity, a Howdy-Doody revival, nor do I regard this contemporary cooling-off as indicating some sort of retreat to 1950s "apathy." That isn't what's going on today. There is a new interest in their studies by students, not to get that "gentleman's C" my fellow Yalies considered adequate, but—and here maybe I'm too optimistic—to *learn* something. I see around me an upsurge of interest in conservative and libertarian groups on campuses, an upsurge reflecting to a degree I did not think entirely possible just a few years ago, a desire to comprehend the complexities of society and to arrive at conclusions based upon knowledge of the workable conditions of real life, not upon the fantasy world that Mr. Reich so lovingly, earnestly drew.

I notice among those young people with whom I associate a gratifying searching quality that had begun to disappear from the campuses back in the late '60s. Hate appears less often on their faces, disappointment less often too. More and More I see a willingness to investigate before pronouncing, to listen before speaking, to think before acting.

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Maybe even more important than the franchise in bringing about this new civility, this new seriousness among that generation which Mr. Reich would have had dancing in the streets with garlands in their hair, has been simply the propensity to doubt Revealed Truths, a propensity that American young people *occasionally* manifest. If they can say Nixon's feeding us a lot of bull, they can say, and many have said, Reich is feeding us a lot of the same. Conditions are by no means "beautiful" on American campuses today. But I—and many of my colleagues tell me that they are experiencing this as well—walk today on campus with a sense of hope.

I know that Consciousness III, however defined, cannot and will not sweep the land. I also know that the tendencies *I* see are only a beginning and may fade away tomorrow. *My* America does not grow green either as Charles Reich imagines it growing green, or as I would have it grow green. But just as the Rip-Off consciousness exists and holds sway over a certain segment of Our Children, so a better, more honest, more promising consciousness can be discerned here and there. It is a consciousness encompassing a growing understanding of what "libertarianism" really means—the liberation of individuals within the context of a society in which other individuals have as much right to their own liberation—and aiming at libertarian ends through somewhat traditional means. □

David Brudnoy is past chairman of the Massachusetts Conservative party. His articles have appeared in National Review, *the* New Guard *and the* Fanny Farmer Cookbook.

Eric Brodin

Dateline — Mont Pelerin, Switzerland

In this little Swiss village surrounded by the awesome majesty of the Alps, gathered for ten memorable days in the spring of 1947 thirty-five men from the United States and Europe. Although some of these men did not know others, they all knew *of* one another, and they all knew the man who had called them gether, Friedrich von Hayek. They were for the most part academicians and economists representing the classical economic traditions of Adam Smith and his successors. These neo-classical economic liberals (neo-Manchestrians they have also been called) sought to exchange ideas and formulate views about the ways in which the free society and free economy could best be defended. In the shambles of Europe's economic collapse there existed yet another threat to economic and political freedom, that of the "planned economy" of the socialist state. It was appropriate that Professor Hayek would lead the meeting, he who once had to flee the planned society of the Nazis, only to encounter such collectivist tendencies in England where he found refuge, and where he wrote his eloquent *Road to Serfdom*. The little band of men at Mont Pelerin, speaking of themselves as "a group of economists, historians, philosophers and other students of public affairs," met "to discuss the crisis of our times." What follows is the restatement of their concerns and their hopes.

"The central values of civilization are in danger. Over large stretches of the earth's surface the essential conditions of human dignity and freedom have already disappeared. In other ways they are under constant menace from the development of current tendencies of policy. The position of the individual and voluntary groups are professionally undermined by extensions of arbitrary power. Even that most precious possession of Western Man, freedom of thought and expression, is threatened by the spread of creeds which, claiming the privilege of tolerance when in the position of a minority, seek only to establish a position of power in which they can supress and obliterate all views but their own. The Mont Pelerin group holds that these developments have been fostered by the growth of a view of history which denies all absolute moral standards and by the growth of theories which question the desirability of a rule of law. It holds further that they have been fostered by a decline of belief in private property and the competitive market; for without the diffused power and initiative associated with these institutions, it is difficult to imagine a society in which freedom may be effectively preserved."

"Believing what is essentially an ideological movement must be met by intellectual argument and the reassertion of valid ideals, the group. . .is of the opinion that further study is desirable — *inter alia* — in regard to the following matters: 1) The analysis and explanation of the nature of the present crisis so as to bring home to others its essential moral and economic origins. 2) The redefinition of the functions of the state so as to distinguish more clearly between the totalitarian and the liberal order. 3) Methods of re-establishing the rule of law and of assuring its development in such a manner that individuals and groups are not in a position to encroach upon the freedom of others and private rights are not allowed to become a basis of predatory power. 4) The possibility of establishing minimum standards by means not inimical to initiative and functioning of the market. 5) Methods of combatting the misuse of history for the furtherance of creeds hostile to liberty. 6) The problems of the creation of an international order conducive to the safe-guarding of peace and liberty and permitting the establishment of harmonious international economic relations. The group does not aspire to conduct propaganda. It seeks to establish no meticulous and hampering orthodoxy. It aligns itself with no particular party. Its object is solely, by facilitating the exchange of views among minds inspired by certain ideals and broad conceptions held in common, to contribute to the preservation and improvement of the free society."

Almost a quarter of a century has passed since these concepts were expressed at Mont Pelerin.Although many of these problems remain, only a decade after this meeting, Europe was to experience an economic progress not even the Mont Perlerin men had envisioned. Nor had these men correctly predicted the growth and success of their own society. Responding to the bold and workable ideas of the free market-oriented economy, men and women representing the academy, governmental institutions, public media and private enterprise joined Mont Pelerin Society's annual meetings in ever greater numbers. By the time the society was celebrating its 23rd anniversary (in Munchen) the original number had increased ten-fold, and today there are more than 400 members.

The international quality of the society has been maintained and, in fact, expanded beyond Europe and the United States. We need only recall such names as Professors Shenoy from India, C. Nishiyama from Japan and N. Zuloaga from Venezuela. (Significantly the 1968 and 1969 meetings of the Society were held in the latter two countries.) A flow of significant articles and books on basic issues facing international and national economic systems have appeared by the men of Mont Pelerin; works in monetary policy as Gottfried Haberler's and Fritz Machlup's, for example. The contributions toward good government by Ludwig Earhardt in Germany and Max Thurn in Austria are other examples of contributions by members of the Mont Pelerin Society to contemporary society. Such activities recently motivated Lawrence Fertig to note ". . .there is the heartening increased activity of free-market advocates in the academy and in journalism and in politics. Important among the leading opinion-makers are some of the members of the Mont Pelerin Society." It is in Germany, as Karl Brandt of Stanford's Hoover Institution has correctly pointed out, that Mont Pelerin Society members' contributions to government have been most keenly felt. There they have made special contributions "to the development of economic policy and decision-making" developing "a system of order aimed at combining economic freedom with social

Great American Series

I'd rather learn from one bird how to sing — than teach ten thousand stars how not to dance.

e. e. cummings

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and ethical justice as well as restraint of abuses of freedom and civil liberty. The scholars whose basic philosophy became known as the 'School of Freiburg' still present the perpetual challenge to Marxian, Leninistic, Neo-Marxian, Stalinist, Maoist and the many other fatalist appraisals of competition, private initiative and free enterprise." Some of these dominant figures are well-known to many of us Wilhelm Ropke, Franz Bohm and Constantin von Dietze are but three. Throughout the years these distinguished men — scholars in their various fields — have come together at annual meetings to exchange ideas and stimulate each other toward action. It has been as Leonard Reed once put it, "an intellectual picnic."

It was this correspondent's opportunity to attend a memorable meeting of the Mont Pelerin Society amidst the misty hills of Scotland in 1967. There a distinguished group of men and women came together to hear, among many others, the ex-chancellor of Germany, Ludwig Earhardt, and the controversial British MP, Enoch Powell. Worth a special thought was the brief and simple ceremony at the Canongate Kirk where the Father of Modern Economics, Adam Smith lies buried. It was as if the centuries and the nations of the world were bridged as Friedrich von Hayek spoke briefly and then a wreath was placed by the grave-site. Significantly, and symbolically the three young men who placed the wreath represented three nations and perhaps also three religions. A young Japanese economist, and the economist sons of renowned economists bearing the names of Friedman and Shenoy.

The Mont Pelerin Society is today very different than when it started out. Although the aims are the same, the functions and the organization have had to change as it became an organization with a massive base. At the 1971 meeting Milton Friedman, the current president, suggested the organization "end in a blaze of glory" by "having a grand Twenty-fifth anniversary meeting next year and then disband." Gratefully his suggestion was turned down, because although the organizational structure might have to change to accommodate more members, there is a great interest in and a need for just such an organization by the young Conservatives of the world today. This seemed to be recognized by the officers of the Society, as the notes of the meeting indicates that "a special aim. . .will be to encourage attendance by younger members. . ."

Worthy of note also are the number of other institutions and organizations which, since the founding of the Mont Pelerin Society, have been organized in different countries; we need to recall only a few such as INFRA: The International Freedom Academy of Vienna and Stockholm, the Wilhelm-Ropke Society of Switzerland, The Institute of Economic Affairs (IEA) and the recently formed International Institute for Economic Research of the United Kingdom. And in the United States the Philadelphia Society constitutes a kind of sister or daughter organization to the Mont Pelerin Society, with a partially overlapping membership. Since 1965 the Philadelphia Society has gathered 200 to 300 distinguished conservatives — academicians, professionals, publicists and a sprinkling of politicians — to annual national and regional meetings, in order as the Society's statement of purpose puts it: "to sponsor the interchange of ideas through discussion and writing in the interest of deepening the intellectual foundations of a free and ordered society and of broadening the understanding of its basic principles and traditions. In pursuit of this end, we shall examine a wide range of issues: economic, political, social, cultural, religious and philosophic. We shall seek understanding, not conformity." The similarity of the aims of these two Societies is not accidental.

It is good to know that the Mont Pelerin Society will continue after its Twenty-fifth anniversary celebration in Switzerland during September 1972, It still has functions to serve, functions which might be even better served by regional meetings and smaller group sessions during the annual meetings. As it has done for almost a quarter of a century now, the Mont Pelerin Society will continue to serve the aims of which Richard M. Ware (whom I paraphrase)spoke so well-To put like-minded people in communication with one another; to stimulate an exchange of ideas; to promote participatory learning; to encourage members to foster, through scholarly activity and in other ways, a fuller understanding of the moral and institutional requisites of a free society. □

Eric Brodin is a free-lance writer, residing in Switzerland. His essays are widely published in Europe and our own humble republic.

David Osterfeld

Notes Toward Understanding Capitalism and Socialism

Tom Milstein's "What is Socialism and Will it Work?" (*The Alternative*, April, 1972) misconstrues the essential features of both capitalism and socialism. There are six points of issue that I want to comment on.

1. The distinction between capitalism and socialism.

The first question, of course, is precisely what is socialism and how does it differ from capitalism? Milstein says "Socialism ... aims to abolish human exploitation through the creation of a classless society." Does Milstein mean that *only* socialists desire an end to "human exploitation" and suffering? Surely, he cannot mean that all capitalists favor exploitation, suffering and misery. Surely, Milstein would be compelled to grant that capitalists, like socialists, would be delighted at witnessing the end of those conditions that have plagued mankind forever. But since both aim at the abolition of human exploitation and suffering, defining socialism in this way gets us nowhere.

As for the other half of the definition, it is improbable that Milstein means that the only socialism that does or can exist is his particular brand of socialism, i.e., a completely equal or classless society. This is one type of socialism, but it does not define socialism, *per se*. It does not penetrate to the fundamental difference between the two systems. Rather, the essence of capitalism is the private ownership of the means of production; that of socialism, collective ownership of the means of production. It follows from this that there are four conceivable principles for distribution under socialism: equal distribution, "need," services rendered to the society and "merit."

In the final analysis, both capitalism and socialism can and do have highly similar aims: the abolition of poverty, a higher standard of living, a reduction of the burden of labor and the augmentation of the freedom of the multitude.

To reiterate, socialism is the collective, capitalism the private, ownership of the means of production. It was Milstein's definition of terms that led to much of the difficulty I had with his article.

11. Cooperation and Competition.

Milstein draws a dichotomy between capitalism and socialism in the area of competition. Socialism, he says, will bring harmony and cooperation. For capitalism, he asserts, such ideas are anathema, "for there is no greater heresy against the myths of capitalism than the idea that cooperation rather than competition can result in economic gains." This attitude is indicative of a common misconception regarding the concepts of cooperation and competition under capitalism. The truth is that from Adam Smith to the present, there has been a steady and consistent line of thought among economists that capitalism is premised upon the harmony of interests of all citizens. Smith, in fact, *begins* his great work, *The Wealth of Nations*, with an explanation of the emergence of the division of labor. Even a cursory reading reveals that Smith believes that this division could have evolved only through the ability of free men to exchange services for services, that is, to cooperate.

In the free market everyone aims at his own satisfaction. This can be best achieved by first satisfying the needs and desires of others. Thus, under the capitalist division of labor, everyone serves, but in doing so everyone is served by others. Capitalism, it follows, is entirely

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devoid of force and coercion; it is totally *voluntary*. And, it follows that under a system of voluntary exchange, each party must value what he receives more than what he gives up. This applies to workers as well as employers. Under capitalism, therefore, society emerges and is maintained by the recognition of mutual benefit without the aid of coercion.

But what of competition? Competition, of course, does exist in a capitalist society. The function of competition is to see who can best satisfy the desires of the consumers, that is, workers and employers in other roles. Those who succeed make profits; those who fail suffer losses and eventully are forced to find another position. But competition can never be abolished. Even in a socialist society there will always be positions that men desire more than others. The difference between the two is that under capitalism all the consumers decide who should make profits, and who should suffer losses, who should expand their production and who should restrict it. Under socialism, this can be done only by the planning authority.

111. The Use of Political Analogies in Economics.

I strongly disagree with Milstein's analogy between capitalist economic power and feudal political power. Milstein comments that "the aristocracy of feudalism possessed political power as its 'private property.' " He equates this with the alleged "commanding economic power" of the capitalist and advocates a so-called social democracy in the economic realm. Such analogies totally misconstrue the true nature of things. There is a fundamental difference between economic power and political power. Political power, as Milstein correctly notes, is a "means of coercion in society." The feudal aristocracy could, as long as it controlled this political power, compel others to obey its orders. *No* such coercive apparatus exists, however, for the entrepreneur. His job, it is true, is to direct the processes of production. But he is neither free nor supreme in this, for he cannot compel anyone to buy his product nor anyone to work for him. On the contrary, he must supply the consumers with what they want most intensely. It follows that he must obey the dictates of the consumers as revealed in their purchasing.

If one wishes to draw analogies between political terminology and the process of economics, then it could be said that, in a capitalistic society, the consumers are sovereign. They determine what is to be produced, how it is to be produced and at what rate those employed are to be paid.

Under the feudal and manorial systems those who were on top got there and stayed there by taking from the serfs. Under a capitalistic system one can get to the top and stay there as long as he provides the workers with what they desire. The former is exploitation; the latter is voluntary exchange of services.

IV. The Determination of Wage Rates.

Milstein next criticizes the market process of determining wage rates. To him, however, the market is not a process but the arbitrary whim of the employer who can "insure that his wage bill sinks to the minimum level supported only by the supply of that particular type of labor he requires and by the elementary survival requirements of his workforce." There are a number of errors in that sentence. First of all, Milstein looks solely at one side of the process, the supply of labor. He completely overlooks the corresponding demand for it and thus amazingly can resuscitate the Iron Law of Wages, that is, that the wage rate is determined by the "survival requirements" of the work force. A glance at what the average American worker has is enough to explode this assertion. Two-car families are commonplace, as are electric heating and lighting, hot and cold running water, radio, color T.V., electric ovens, refrigerators, etc. These are products of the capitalist process of production, viz., savings and capital accumulation, a process, it should be noted, in which the worker, although he played a singularly miniscule part, is a great benefactor.

But can wage rates, as Milstein assumes, be raised above their market level? The first thing to notice here is Milstein's subtle shift from a discussion of workers, *per se*, to that of particular groups of workers. He refers to the early trade unionists who banded together and succeeded in "elevating *their* economic position." He blithely assumes that what works for one group will work for the class as a whole. Let's examine this assumption.

There are two possible ways to legislate a rise in wages: (1) at the expense of other workers, and (2) at the expense of the entrepreneurial class. It is improbable that Milstein could have meant the first, for it is obvious that a wage increase obtained at the expense of other workers cannot benefit the class of workers as a whole. If a particular group attains a wage increase then the consumer who purchases their goods or services, must either pay more for these and curtail his purchase of other goods, or continue his purchase in other areas by restricting his purchase of this higher—priced commodity. This means that the jobs in those areas where the restriction has occurred will be eliminated and those now out of work will be either forced to remain unemployed or to seek employment in other areas, thus (assuming that they find employment) depressing wage rates in those areas. While it is true that the members of the group acquiring the increase are better off, this is so only because the position of everyone else is now worse. No general improvement in the position of the workers has occurred. In fact, because the concomitant distortions and inefficiency resulting from such tampering with wage rates will tend to disrupt the productive effort, the increased nominal wages (what the employee is paid in terms of money) of those favored groups may result in substantially less of an increase in real wages (what money wage can buy) than was originally thought.

But, some assume, wages don't have to fall for some groups when others get raises since the entrepreneurs are wealthy enough to foot the bill. In this case the result must be as follows: If wages are raised above their respective equilibrium levels, the increased wage will reduce the income of the entrepreneurs, thus compelling a curtailment in production and forcing the marginal producers out of business. The decreased supply of goods will necessitate a rise in prices, thus re-establishing the balance between wage rates and prices. But it is important to note two consequences of such a rise in wages. Like the situation mentioned above, as long as the wages of those still employed are retained at that new, higher level, those who lose their jobs with the forced curtailment of production will once again cause either a depression of wages in other areas or institutional mass unemployment. Secondly, since less will be produced due to the demise of the marginal firms and the restriction of production, the real wage will not be much higher, and may even be lower, than what it was prior to the rise in nominal wages.

But if an attempt is now made to effect a permanent rise in real wages by holding prices below their free market rate, this must result in a reduction in the amount of capital accumulated. That is, since profit margins have been reduced and more is being spent by workers on commodity goods there is correspondingly less to be saved and invested in the

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production of producers' goods. This shift in the direction of production to more commodity goods can *temporarily* bring about a situation where more people are better off. But soon, economic law intrudes upon this fantasy land. Old machines begin to wear out and break down, but since less has now been invested in the production of producers' goods, enough new machines will not be produced to take their places. Productivity will suffer, thus bringing about a decline in the standard of living. The only way this decline can be arrested is through the resuscitation of the process of savings and capital accumulation, thus entailing, initially, an even greater curtailment of current consumption. It should be obvious that since a decrease in the process of capital accumulation must entail a decline in the productivity of labor, any effort to raise the real wage rates permanently above the rate set by the free market will, in the long run, necessitate a decline in the amount of goods produced.

What makes wages rise is the amount of capital invested per worker, for real wages can only rise with an increase in productivity. Regardless of how high money wages are, what is not first produced cannot be consumed; no amount of sophistry can conjure this away. The best wages and prices are neither the highest nor the lowest, but those that best facilitate the full utilization of the available resources, viz., the free market rates.

V. Capitalism and Totalitarianism.

There is indeed some irony in Milstein's "implicit acknowledgment" of a link between capitalism and totalitarianism on the one hand, and his equally erroneous assertion that a capitalist believes that "every social relationship, every association with another individual no matter what type — is an infringement and a restriction upon his inherent freedom."

To reiterate, capitalism is that system of social orgainzation based upon the voluntary, and thus peaceful, cooperation of all its members. All are free to cooperate, or not to cooperate, to exchange or not to exchange as they see fit. In the market there is no coercion. The sole function of the state is the suppression of attempts by individuals to coerce other individuals. All else is left entirely to the disposition of each individual. Since the state cannot control what it does not regulate, it is impossible for capitalism to be connected in any way with totalitarianism. Moreover, far from discouraging social cooperation, capitalism, in removing all restrictions on individual action except those imposed by nature provides for the fullest development of social insitutions. It is based on the belief that each man can better achieve his own individual aims by freely working with others, by exchanging services for services, than by either isolating himself or by being compelled to participate. Under a capitalist system, for example, any group of individuals may divest themselves of their property and ban together to form a socialist community. The only requirement is that this must be voluntary. The choice between socialism and capitalism, therefore is not, to plan or not to plan, but whether the state should plan for the individual or whether the individual should be free to plan for himself.

The function of the state under socialism is entirely different. Under socialism, the individual is guaranteed a certain income or portion of the net product. Now, if the state is to fulfill this function, it follows that it must regulate and apportion the supply of labor.

It is for this reason that comprehensive planning has nearly always been accompanied by comprehensive control of human beings. And none of the socialist experiments have attained their noble aims. This is because such a goal is logically vitiated by socialism's means. Indeed totalitarianism's closest relation seems to be socialism.

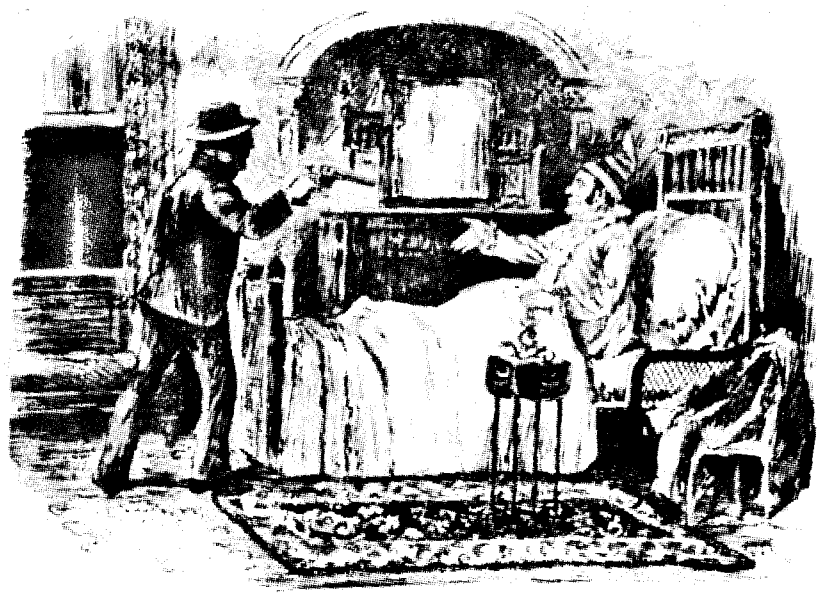
VI. The Problem of Economic Calculation.

We now come to the final issue. Even disregarding the problem of the disutility of labor — i.e., even granting the highly dubious proposition that under a system where goods are distributed on a basis independent of individual performance men would still continue to work with equal or even greater vigor — there is still one remaining problem that, if it cannot be solved, makes all the talk about the moral imperative of socialism utterly futile. This is the problem, ignored by Milstein, of economic calucation.

Under a market system the entire apparatus of production is directed by the system of profits and losses, the price system. All this would be abolished under socialism. The ultimate question for any discussion of socialism is: what is the nature of planning itself? In other words would rational planning even be possible under socialism? To understand this we must first look at the capitalist system.

To assert that the price system can be discarded betrays a naive understanding of its basic function. People naturally buy only what for them is useful. Profits result from successfully supplying the consumers with what they most intensely desire at the time of their valuations; losses, correspondingly, result from failing to do so. Labor and capital constantly flow to areas that show profit and away from areas that exhibit loss. Consequently, the entire apparatus of production and consumption is being brought perpetually toward equilibrium by the appearance of profits and losses. It follows from this that value and utility are subjective. That is, they do not lie in objects themselves but in individuals' perceptions of them. Hence, the price of any object is not determined by adding up the "costs" of the materials and labor that went into its production. The concatenation is precisely the other way around.

We are now in a position to understand the significance of profit and loss. One can do away with the market system, but never with profit and loss. They inhere in *all* actions of *all* individuals. The question now must be: does a socialist



THE BURGLAR COULDN'T FRIGHTEN HIM.

"NO, MY BURGLARIOUS FRIEND, I SHALL THROW UP NOTHING AT ALL! I AM UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION, 320 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. IF YOU WOUND ME I GET $50 A WEEK. IF DISABLED PERMANENTLY I GET $2500. IF YOU HIT ME IN THE EYE I GET $1300; FOR BOTH EYES I GET $5000. FOR HAND OR FOOT $5000. FOR BOTH $10,000. AND IF YOU SHOULD KILL ME MY FAMILY GET $10,000, AND COULD LIVE IN OPULENCE FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES. BLAZE AWAY!"

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Correspondence

To the Editor:

It has been my unwontedly macabre experience to unsolicitedly receive copies of your journalistic pronounciamenti. Although the monetary inducement necessary to facilitate such occurrences appears to have originated in the person of some mad sadist bent on causing my parakeet to die of laughter, do not think that I, or my neighbors, amare entirely unappreciative of the milliards of man-picoseconds of disconcerted apathy which you expend on the publication of the aforementioned male bovine excretory solids. For myself, I revel in the rich prose and pungent which brings to mind nothing less-more-other than a Cretaceous landscape, replete with wallowing dinosaurs, devoid of intellect; their ponderous mass suspended in a thick ooze; of semicolons; and, commas, while buried far beneath lies firm bedrock of fact, as unnoticed in both cases as the cantus firmus in St. Martial organum. At times, when Philip's and phenolphthalein fail our hallway, excerpts from your opus will appear scotch-taped to the wall of our water-closet, for the betterment of those who sit dovelike brooding on the blissful seat, if you will forgive the use of an outworn cliche, and Miltonic. I repeat a redundant reiteration: do not think, however, that my sense of the outrageous fails to be titilated by your splended proof of Mencken's Law; that my hatred for well grammar and improper misuseousness is not captivated by your grosstesque coinages. One might, if thinking along such lines were one's wont, think that my own speaking and writing have been corruptulated by your splendiferous manicoupage. Afore my loftifying verbositure and putrefying carrieth me far beneath such winsome linotypographical tactii as are your wont to use, allow all of us to bid you-all of thee a fond farewell...

One Waste of Time to Another,
Unu Zigla
Claremont, California
(in the 48 conterminous states, Got wot!)

To the Editor:

Your magazine never ceases to amaze me. It combines both wit and intelligence and somehow manages to bring together sound liberals and sensible conservatives in a journal that has a point. You seem to be youthful without being inane so keep it up only get a more serious typesetter.

Yours truly,
Alf Benedict
New York, New York

To the Editor:

You are an idiot.

Regards,
John Santucci
Los Angeles, California

To the Editor:

As a matter of general self-opinion, I consider myself a liberal. In other words, to appropriate shibboleths from both camps, I tend to value "liberty and justice" at the expense of "law and order." In fact, I occasionally show characteristics of what your October, 1971, editorial called a "ritualistic leftist" (usually when goaded into it by ritualistic rightists, who unfortunately are not confined to Mississippi).

However, despite your self-claimed "conservative" label, I find in your magazine a refreshingly pragmatic view of the world, in sharp contrast to the comfortable, liberal views with which I am generally bombarded, and to the inflamatory statements of the vocal right. Though on points of ideology (when ideology does creep into your magazine) I find myself tempted at times to chuck the whole rag in the wastebasket and read the **Times**, it appears that you are disgustingly often right (i.e., correct). Sometimes this worries me, but I think I can put up with it.

I did not know that there was an intelligent underground publication of the right. Thank you for the complimentary copy. You have won a reader.

Sincerely,
Robert R. Teisberg
Minneapolis, Minnesota

To the Editor:

As a former President of the Ripon Society who is also a sometime reader of **The Alternative,** I found the article by Peter P. Witonski in your April issue cogent in its critique of New Deal liberalism but misdirected in addressing its strictures to the Ripon Society.

His title, "A Memo to the Ripon Society on the Death of American Liberalism," implies that the statist government of the New Deal is somehow the responsibility of the Ripon Society and represents a philosophy congenial to that group.

The fact is that a consistent theme of the Ripon Society since its founding in 1962 has been the need for an alternative to New Deal interventionist policies. The major policy proposals of the group prior to Mr. Nixon's election reflected this theme. Ripon's major policy white papers were: federal-state revenue sharing (1965, issued jointly with the Republican Governor's Association), the all-volunteer army (1966), normalization of relations with China (1966), the negative income tax (1967), a de-escalatory strategy in Vietnam (1967).

Since Mr. Nixon's election the group's major proposals have included a plan for phasing out farm subsidies, a campaign against the Burke-Hartke bill, a plan for no-fault auto insurance, a series of articles on the over-concentration of political and economic power in America, opposition to the SST, ABM, subsidies for Lockheed and the Penn Central, self-determination for Biafra and Bangladesh, and a proposal for decriminalization of crimes without victims.

It would be nice if I could say that the Ripon Society's position is unambiguously anti-subsidy, anti-interventionist, libertarian and decentralizing, though this has been the general tendency. But there have been lapses, for Ripon is more programmatic than purist. Ripon has come out, for instance, to save the Fulbright Scholarship program (a federal subsidy) and to favor enforcement of civil rights legislation (pro intervention). It has also endorsed Republican leaders...Nixon, Agnew, Rockefeller, Percy, Brooke, Holten, Goodell, Javits, Mathias, Baker...whose positions are, like those of any viable politician in America today, heavily tinged with statism. And it has, in a much publicized instance, opposed a "conservative" appointment to the Supreme Court, Carswell.

But since Ripon itself has not been personality-oriented but rather has emphasized programs, its influence has been directly opposite to the interventionism which Mr. Witonski rightly deplores. He seems to have taken the press' designation of Ripon as "liberal" as sufficient evidence to neglect the group's publications and record on this matter. I submit this is just as unfair as taking at face value designations of conservatism as "racist."

If Mr. Witonski's position is "conservative" and Ripon's is "liberal," the two labels merely disguise an underlying agreement which ought to be emphasized at a time when every voice is needed to reverse a headlong lurch into statist government which has been slowed but hardly reversed by the Nixon administration.

Sincerely,
Josiah Lee Auspitz

To the Editor:

Comes the dawn! Your articles on Irving Kristol are great, but conspicuously late in coming Irving Kristol has been "making sense" for years.

Moreover, Kristol is not the only neo-conservative among Liberal intellectuals, but is indicative of a steadily growing number of conservatized Liberals, and even radicals, who represent the most significant intellectual shift in this country since the secular socialism of the New Deal captured the minds of the Academic elite. A shift, incidentally, conservatives have been oddly reluctant to acknowledge or endorse.

Writing in **National Review** a few months ago, Samuel McCracken (another one!) asserted: "The great duality of the day is not Left and Right, but totalitarianism and democracy." Do you get the feeling we are dealing here with something ultimately more important to conservatism than Nixon vs. Ashbrook?

Yours sincerely,
Roger N. Levy
Washington, D.C.

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community have any means for ascertaining profit and loss?

Money under the capitalist system, it is important to note here, reduces everything to a common unit and thus permits exact calculations. It enables one to employ the best means to attain the desired ends at the least possible sacrifice.

But even if money were used in a socialist society it could not have this same function, for the utility of money is derived from the ability of the individual to act upon his valuations. That, obviously, presupposes the existence of private property throughout the society. Money, it follows, cannot be used as basis for economic calculation within a socialist community for within such a community the utility of money is, *ipso facto*, destroyed.

The rock upon which socialism must necessarily flounder is not so much what to produce as how to produce it. For it is in the area of production goods that the existence of private property, money relations, and thus economic calculation becomes utterly imperative. And it is in precisely this area that socialism has, with its collectivization of the means of production, destroyed any possibility for such calculation. Thus, a socialist society would have no means for determining costs. As conditions change, it would likewise have no rational means for deciding how to adjust to these changes or, even if adjustments should be made, it would have no means for determining which among the nearly in-

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finite number of possible methods of production should be adopted.

In short, all planning is logically premised upon economic calculation. But since economic calculation is possible only within the price system of the free market and since socialism, by definition, collectivizes the means of production, it thereby destroys the basis upon which all planning must be founded. To speak, as does Milstein, of "rational planning" under socialism exhibits an ignorance of the nature of profit and loss. The irony of socialist planning is that it cannot plan, for the basis of all rational planning has been eliminated. All societies must take into consideration the fundamental problem of value as manifested by a system of profit and loss. By eliminating that system, a society is unable to determine what is profitable and what is not. The corresponding economic inefficiencies and distortions must lead to capital decumulation, in turn resulting in progressive impoverishment.

The only truly large-scale attempt at implementing socialist principles occurred during the period commonly known as "War Communism" immediately following the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia. Even a writer as sympathetic to the Soviet "experiment" as E. H. Carr is forced to admit in *The Bolshevik Revolution* that it was a fiasco. The iron ore and cast iron industries fell by 1920, he notes, to only 1.9 percent and 2.4 percent of their 1914 volume of production. Oil fell to 41 percent, and coal to 27 percent. The 1920 average productivity was 10 to 20 percent of the 1914 total, and the production of fully manufactured goods was only 12.9 percent of that of 1913.

Some of this decline was no doubt the result of the Civil War. But this was, at best, only part of the difficulty, for the Civil War as well as the Bolshevik takeover completely upset the prevailing production relations. The elimination of economic calculation as a result of the socialist takeover, itself, precluded a rational perception of and adjustment to the new conditions. The methods adopted for production were, therefore, arbitrary and production declined precipitously until its rescue by the advent of the "New Economic Policy," a return to a semblance of a market economy. It is a well-known fact that since that time socialist governments have learned to direct production (1) through the establishment of restricted markets, and (2) by coopting the methods determined by the markets in the West and then employed in other more or less capitalistic countries. If the world were ever truly and completely socialized, however, these methods would be out of the question, rational planning would be impossible, and the benefits these methods and such planning can offer people would be lost. □

Book Review:

Hazardous to Your Health

by Marvin Henry Edwards
Arlington House, $9.95

There are a few "generally accepted assumptions held today in Washington," said Representative Philip M. Crane (Republican-Illinois) in a recent speech at Hillsdale College. "First is the disposition to treat problems as crises; second is the notion that government, particularly the national government, has the answers to all our dilemmas; third is that the mere allocation and spending of money will eliminate these problems; and lastly, that certain traditional economic laws are passe, and therefore can be ignored."

In the debate over medical care, these four assumptions hold almost unopposed sway. Even the American Medical Association has submitted a plan for semi-government medicine. And Senator Kennedy would saddle America with a National Health Plan costing a minimum of $77 billion in its first year. In the midst of political and media hysteria over the subject, we have the calming voice of Marvin Henry Edwards, editor of *Private Practice* magazine, and author of *Hazardous to Your Health: A New Look at the "Health Care Crisis" in America*.

Though Edwards runs a magazine for doctors, he is not a doctor himself, and therefore not personally concerned with the question of whether doctor's fees would go up or down under government medicine. In fact, he writes: "This is *not* a pro-doctor book. This is, instead, a pro-patient book. For if national health insurance or any of the broad-scale government health programs which have been proposed become law, it is the patient who will pay, in terms of higher medical costs (through increased taxation) and lower quality medical care."

Edwards asserts and, in what will be a surprise to many people, demonstrates that America has *no* health care crisis. He shows that we have a very healthy ratio of physicians to population, that middle-class Americans spend a small amount of their incomes on medical costs and health insurance and that Americans of all income levels, races and ages are enjoying a virtual health-care boom. Edwards proves that the glib advocates of state-run medicine consciously try to deceive the American people with phony statistics, expecially in the infant-mortality area.

Marvin Edwards also discusses in-depth the alleged doctor-shortage and cost-crisis. While we could always use more good doctors, Edwards shows that our ratio of one physician to each 640 patients is an excellent one, exceeded by only a few small countries such as Israel. Despite the talk of doctors getting rich with higher fees, the author proves that doctor's charges have risen only incrementally not even keeping pace with inflation. Doctors have made up the difference by simply working more hours. Costs *have* skyrocketed in hospital charges, the very area where government is mostly intimately involved. And this in no coincidence. Impossible as it may seem, if you've recently paid a hospital bill, these costs would zoom still higher under socialized medicine, while the quality of care would deteriorate disastrously. As an example of the latter, see any Veterans Hospital. As Edwards so succinctly puts it: "Goodbye, Marcus Welby."

The most frightening, and perhaps most important chapter in the book is entitled: "Has Your Mother Outlived Her Usefulness?" You may think that euthanasia—"mercy" killing—died with the Nazis, but some proponents of a national health service advocate the killing of "unproductive and incompetent elderly." None of the bills so far proposed in the Congress contain this totalitarian concept, but it may yet come. Certainly bills up for passage mean less liberty for every American: loss of freedom to choose your own doctor, and loss of privacy—opening of your confidential medical records to federal bureaucrats, without your consent.

"The evidence is clear," concludes Marvin Edwards, "that national health programs are costly and inefficient, and result in greatly reduced standards of medical care. In short, government medicine does not work...National health insurance will destroy private insurance in the United States. In return, its advocates promise to solve a fictional health crisis. But we might well ask: 'Can national health insurance even solve the problems that admittedly do exist?' Government has made similar promises in the past: it has promised to solve the problems of agriculture, of housing, of welfare. Instead, government intervention has compounded the problems. Do you and I want to spend from $12 to $80 billion a year to replace private medical care with government medical programs that have failed wherever they have been tried?

"The propagandists for national health insurance have leveled their attacks on your doctor and on his system of private medical care. But if national health insurance is enacted, it well be you, the patient, who will be the victim."

Hazardous to Your Health: A New Look at the "Health Care Crisis" in America is the best book on socialized medicine and what it can mean for America. If you are worried about health care, if you are concerned about continuing state encroachment on personal freedom, read this important book. It's not too late to stop the juggernaut.

George Charles Roche III

George Roche is the President of Hillsdale College in Hillsdale, Michigan. His latest book The Bewildered Society, *was published by Arlington House last spring.*

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The Bootblack Stand

Dr. George Washington Plunkitt, our prize-winning political analyst, is celebrating the publication of his new book, which is now available at *avant-garde* bookstores throughout New Jersey. Dr. Plunkitt's book is about the importance of altruism in politics and it is titled *What's In It For Me?* Although Dr. Plunkitt expects to earn ten million dollars from sales of his new book, he has agreed to continue to advise public figures through this column. Address all correspondence to The Bootblack Stand, c/o The Establishment, R.R. 11, Box 360, Bloomington, Indiana 47401, Continental U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Plunkitt:

These past few months I have had a lot of time to myself and have done a lot of reading, especially politics. I always read about politics, politics and Pete Hamill's stuff. At any rate I do not understand what George McGovern is really up to. First he asks Senator Kennedy to be on the ticket with him and then he nixes Senator Eagleton because of rumors about the Senator's record of alcoholism and psychological disorders. What is he up to? And what is your position on the lettuce boycott issue. Are the Democrats right in their position?

Respectfully,
Arthur Bremer

Dear Mr. Bremer:

For my analysis of Dr. McGoo and Senator Eagleton see my reply to Mrs. McGoo. As to my feeling about the lettuce issue so artfully raised at the Democratic Jamboree, I fear that when they outlaw lettuce only outlaws will have lettuce.

— GWP

Dear Mr. Plunkitt:

Would it be possible for you to inform me as to why Senator Eagleton released all that information about his health record after being chosen as vice presidential candidate in a free and open convention by my idealistic husband George? If you ask me, the rich and powerful had a hand in it.

Keep the Faith,
Eleanor McGovern, housewife

Dear Mrs. McGoo:

There are two theories on this one. According to the first your husband and his associates already knew about Senator Thomas Eagleton's psychiatric treatments and chose him because of it. As one "old-timer" put it: "George has the vote of every nut outside of the loony bin. Now Tom can go after those on the inside." I do not subscribe to this theory for we all know your husband is too gentle and candid for such political shenanigans. As I see it, Eagleton accepted the vice presidential nomination before reading the platform in an English translation. Once he had read it, he panicked and decided that there was nothing he would not say or do to get off that deathwagon.

— GWP

Book Review:

Bombs, Beards, and Barricades

by Anthony Esler
Stein and Day, $8.95
The New Totalitarians
by Roland Huntford
Stein and Day, $10.00

Who will buy these books? Who will read them? The publisher is asking $8.95 for the first, $10.00 for the second. Surely if someone were anxious to put together a modest private library, $18.95 could be spent on other, better books—though these two aren't altogether worthless. Marshall McLuhan has told us that books are going out of fashion. Maybe he's right.

Anthony Esler asserts that "tomorrow's youth *will* be up in arms against today's realities," whatever *they* are, and that "he (the youth) will have his way with history," whatever *that* means. "Whether it is nationalism in Germany in 1815, socialism in Russia in the 1870s or Freudianism (?) in America in the 1920s; whether it is an artistic revolution in turn-of-the-century Paris, or a sexual revolution in mid-century America—the basic pattern remains the same. The kids try it first." The kids, the man says, have been in revolt for 150 years—because (now get this, and get it good), because kids are "congenitally more open to the winds of ideology than their more settled elders." Just so.

Chapter Two of this account is entitled "Everyone Believes in His Youth that the World Began with Him—and It Did!" Actually, it didn't, but let that pass. While it certainly is true that most young people have energy and passionate enthusiasms, only rarely are original ideas, much less rationales for revolutions of various kinds, hatched in the brains of the very young. Esler writes of Germany in 1815, France in 1830, Austria in 1848, Russia in 1881, and then slips and slides around awhile until he hits "The World-Wide Youth Revolution, 1960 and After." (I guess I must have been out to lunch, because I missed it.) He claims that all this jumping around in the world trying to do stuff (William Saroyan's delicious phrase) is part and parcel of a great Movement—a sort of Youth vs. Age thing, surely one of the more spectacularly fatuous observations of 1972. The book hums this tune on every page; it is, in fact, a little symphony to young ideals, to what are called "the dynamics of generational conflict." All the babies that come into the world every day are starting from scratch, and we would do well to listen to them, take them to our bosoms and try to understand their desperate need to rebel. "We would all be better off if we could face the next generational upheaval with drier eyes and fewer heartburnings." The theme is stated at the beginning, taken up and orchestrated, then allowed to swell into a hymn-like paean to Youth.

Roland Huntford's book is about Sweden today. Huxley's *Brave New World* is called to mind, and we are told of a land where nothing much really matters to anybody, including the young. "Sweden is a spiritual desert, but that seems to have no ill effect on the Swede. His contentment depends entirely on material possessions. He lives as a consumer..." (One thinks of Woody Allen's routine: "Sweden is like a wild, swinging country: everybody scores—you don't have to be tall. I always get the impression the American cops are going to knock on the country and say, 'All right, Sweden, we know what you're doing in there.' ") Sweden, Huntford says, "has pursued sexual emancipation with indefatigable tenacity." Huxley's preface to *Brave New World* is quoted ("As political and economic freedom diminishes, sexual freedom tends compensatingly to increase. And the dictator—unless he needs cannon fodder and families with which to colonize empty or conquered territories—will do well to encourage that freedom. In conjunction with the freedom to daydream under the influence of dope, the movies and the radio, it will help to reconcile his subjects to the servitude which is their fate."), and the point is clearly made that Swedes tend to link the concept of freedom with sexual activity, while regarding the sex act itself "with a certain pagan insouciance."

Neutrality, it seems, has become a Swedish watchword. Political and religious neutrality, coupled with a kind of intellectual and emotional neutrality, has given rise to a breed of men and women who say they are perfectly happy, yet who move through life (in Robert Louis Stevenson's phrase) "like smiling images pushed from behind." The bland dictatorship is horizontal, not vertical; mores are determined "by common consent;" there is what Dr. Gosta Rodhe calls "a lack of tension" in Sweden. Practically everything is seen to; if the apparatus of the state fails to function smoothly at all times, there is a general belief that it *will* in due course.

(continued on page 27)

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"Whom the gods destroy they first make mad."
--Euripedes

Current Wisdom

THE EXORCIST

Psephologist Harriet Van Horne spies yet another political constituency for the McGovern charisma to enrapture:

The selection of Sargent Shriver to be Senator George McGovern's running mate adds more to the ticket than an attractive man with a fine public service record. It adds a touch of romance, awakening old dreams....Scoff all you like at symbolism but the new ticket has it. In Sargent Shriver's keeping are the helmet and the plumes of Camelot. President Nixon hardly needs a Merlin to advise him that in this campaign he'll be up against legends, ghosts and a certain old glamor.

The New York Post

FASHION NOTES

Radical chic's fall fashions sweep poor Mr. Arthur Schlesinger right out of his head:

McGovern will win rather emphatically in November.

The New York Times

THE WINNING TEAM

The last muckracker, I.F. Stone, again dares to tell those sordid details that official Washington does not dare to let out of the bag. Let the Establishment journalists beat this bit of behind the scene reportage:

. . .when he presented his running mate not some crafty choice of Southern strategy like Wilbur Mills, but a like-minded freshman senator from Missouri who has been fighting the Pentagon in the lobby of "Members of Congress for World Peace Through Law," (sic) who could help cheering? How could Nixon and Agnew, or Nixon and Connally, Mr. Oil Depletion Allowance, match the youth and vigor — the simple decency — that shone in the faces of these candidates? From McGovern or Eagleton, who wouldn't be glad to buy a used car?

— *The New York Review of Books*

TOURISM

Touring the zoo with one of the great apes, Mr. I.F. Stone:

It was a joy to be at the Democratic convention this year. The convention was a triumph for the young and the young of heart. I managed to wangle a floor pass and wander around among the delegates during the decisive vote on the California credentials, and I felt I had lived to see a miracle. Those who had been in the streets in Chicago were now, only four years and one convention later, in the delegates' seats in Miami.

— *The New York Review of Books*

LIFE AFTER DEATH

Even in a civilization as advanced as that of New York, the nostalgia rage is reviving the very best of the good old days, as the distinguished urbanologist Dr. Pete Hamill observes:

The best thing that has happened on the streets of New York in the past ten years is the re-emergence of the teen-age gangs...these young people stand for human values, and what they are doing, on the whole should be applauded and encouraged.

—*The New York Post*

THE MORNING AFTER

Evidence that the incomparable I.F. Stone was into something stronger than his customary Geritol at this summer's Democratic Jamboree:

I shook hands with lively ghosts out of a dozen forgotten crusades. When the anti-Daley delegation from Illinois two nights later put McGovern over the top for the nomination, it seemed as if, incredibly, the battered legions of the Lord had won themselves a victory at last.

—*The New York Review of Books*

GOOD GOVERNMENT

After blowing billions in the Great Society catastrophe, the Brookings Institute has come up with a sounder way to spend the government's loot:

The Brookings authors came down on the side of experimentation. By that they mean something very precise: Not more well-meaning but casually designed demonstration projects, but precise, clinical experimentation that is not prejudged to be a success.

— *The Miami News*

SCHOLASTICISM

Another New Age neurotic lost at sea in the illustrious pages of The Harvard Crimson, **a leading voice of the brightest generation in recorded history:**

AM radio can help you make it through some pretty tough times. When I'm tired enough, I can get behind anything on WRKO. The Stones, the Who, and the Faces are great sure, but so are the Honey Cone, Aretha Franklin, the Osmonds, Glen Campbell in his better moments, Chicago, Stevie Wonder, Tommy James, Joe South, maybe even the Carpenters, if it's late at night and you're someplace on the Ohio Turnpike eighty miles short of Cleveland. To be certain, most of it is stupid, but it's not supposed to be smart. It's supposed to make you dance or make you sing or make you feel sad: in general, to take you out of yourself and to help alleviate the tedium and-or downright misery of your life. So AM radio is dumb. Some of it, like Bobby Dylan and Smokey Robinson and Mick Jagger, is not so dumb as the rest, but even that stuff avoids obscurity.

—*The Harvard Crimson*

HIS MAJESTY'S TOILET

The lovely Eleanor McGoo avers a fascinating glimpse into her famed husband's curious cerebrum while remarking on one of those unique characteristics of his oratory which we have all come to appreciate:

He does his best thinking between 3 and 6 a.m. Sometimes he stays in bed and makes notes, other times he goes into the den and writes. He wrote his last speech at breakfast.

He sleeps easily. He can doze off in the middle of a sentence, wake up and finish it.

THE SOCIOLOGY OF SILENCE

An obscure genius, Mr. Hubert Quarles, Jr., speaks out for the silent majority of one of Tennessee's model cities:

—*The New York Review of Books*

To the News-Free Press:

I want to state again that I hope that Chief Deputy Criminal Court Club Leon Haley's friends will honor him in every way. Leon is the people's friend. He is always there when his service is needed. He is never too busy to talk to the people of Hamilton County, and that is what I call a friend to the people.

I pray, as all of his and our friends are, that Leon Haley will be well before long and make a comeback and help all of us who know him and have missed him. I will say again, God bless Leon Haley. Hubert Quarles Jr. 3615 2nd Avenue

—*Chattanooga News-Free Press*

THE STATESMAN AS A YOUNG RAKE

Landmarks in one man's heroic struggle against horror:

In later years, George would gradually break all his church's archaic strictures; he would take a drink or two, and when at special ease he would lean back with a good cigar. On occasion he was even known to dance. But by that time he felt neither the guilt nor the exhilaration that might have come from defying the law when it meant something. He had long since become skeptical of the worth of petty abstinence, and for that matter dubious of the value of organized religion itself.

Still George would never, not even as a senator, lose entirely the legacy of his fundamental upbringing. The most obvious vestige of the experience, and the one he values most, deeply, is a love of the Bible, not only as an ethical blueprint but as a masterwork of literature.

Washington Post

CLEANLINESS

Audrey Topping reports from the mysterious Orient on the triumph of personal hygiene where nothing is personal:

The People's Republic of China is faultlessly clean.

The New York Times

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CONTINUING CRISIS
(continued from page 2)

anti-busing bill inspiring a curious black congressman, Mr. Perrin Mitchell, to break into a chorus of "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of bigotry. . .etc." Mr. Nixon vetoed a lavish congressional appropriation for HEW and in Freehold, New Jersey, Superior Court Judge P.J. McGann recalled an ancient New Jersey law which outlawed women from behaving as "a common scold." Citing the law's obvious incongruence with the Fourteenth Amendment, Judge McGann freed a Mrs. Dunlevy (already under indictment for assault and battery and threatening murder) and clarified a great deal of confusion concerning American civil liberties averring: "everyone's a scold — everyone who's willing to speak their mind about things." The third annual day of women's protests by the women liberationists (August 26) attracted fewer women than ever — though there were possibly more men than in the past. Twenty thousand women had marched in New York in 1970. This time only four thousand partook.

● Mr. Arthur Bremer's next sixty-three years have been planned for him. Jesus de Santiago of Pago, Mexico was pecked to death while feeding a herd of fighting cocks. His wife claimed he had been drinking inordinately. On August 4, Governor George Wallace asked the American Independent party to visit him not with their nomination. They turned instead to California Congressman John Schmitz.

● While General Idi Amin was throwing sixty thousand Asians out of Uganda, assorted "republics" and "democracies" of black Africa were promising to boycott the Olympics if racist Rhodesia competed. On August 26 the Games began without Rhodesia, and in Bankok, Thiland some 30,000 sports turned out to watch Mr. Rahem Mardechai be executed for rape. His last requests had been to see his parents and be visited by a woman of delights. Despite the Nixon Administration's auspicious claims for the economy, the Blevins Popcorn Company has discontinued its Presidential Popcorn Poll due to rising costs. It had been infallible for decades. Hanky-panky has been sniffed by the Government Accounting Office. And Billy Joe Clegg, presidential candidate of the Loyal U.S.A. party, kicked off his campaign in spite of an almost total news blackout.

● Nevertheless as the election draws near the repression increases. As yet Mr. Nixon has not cancelled the fall elections as the underground press predicted some while ago, but Mr. Bremer was refused his retrial. Jane Fonda cannot even go on tour in Vietnam without suffering harassment. Timothy Leary is being deported from Swizterland under peculiar circumstances. And the police raided the most prosperous massage parlor in all of Times Square on August 26. Now we are told that the Los Angeles police are cracking down on the free exercise of religion. Early in August they arrested four priests, a member of the congregation and a nude dancer at the recently established Church of the Hi-Life. Wake up Amerika! □

BOMBS
(continued from page 25)

"Whether the Swede is happy in his Utopia is a moot point," Huntford concludes. "At least he is acquiescent, and he has his compensations. He would certainly not want to change his condition."

Perhaps a lack of tension in America (or Germany, or France, or Austria or Russia) might make for drier eyes and fewer heartburnings. Perhaps Esler and Huntford have things to say to each other. I think I have to go with Saroyan, though, when he steps back and says, "The trouble with people is, they're alive and don't know what do do about it." □

Kenneth Paul Shorey

Kenneth Paul Shorey has written for National Review, Modern Age, Rally, The University Bookman, The Intercollegiate Review *and the* New Guard. *He presently works for J. B. Lippincott Company.*

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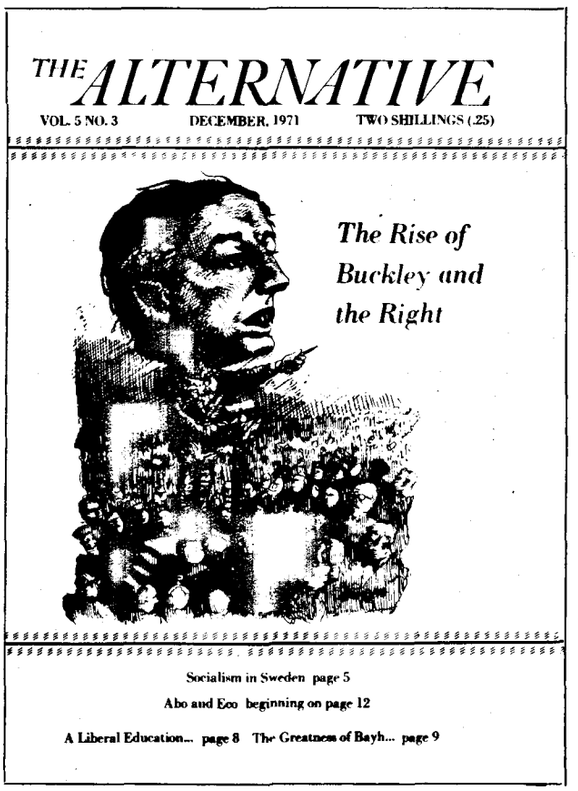
THE ALTERNATIVE
VOL. 5 NO. 3 DECEMBER, 1971 TWO SHILLINGS (.25)
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A Liberal Education... page 8 The Greatness of Bayh... page 9

"I predict for THE ALTERNATIVE a leading role in philosophical and political battles to come." — *M. Stanton Evans*

"...one of the most amusing and outrageous and interesting student journals in America." — *William F. Buckley, Jr.*

"...stands almost alone among a welter of New Left, radical and revolutionary publications." — *Louisville Courier Journal*

Have you ever wondered what could be so abominable that even New Leftists consider it indecent? Everyone knows about the dreadful stuff they admire, but what of the stuff that twists their maws in revulsion? Can there really be anything that disgusting?

Well there is such an abomination; it is a student review called THE ALTERNATIVE. In attempting to present alternative positions to the mischievous tommyrot of the idealistic young scoundrels, we have grown from an anti-new leftist campus underground to our present status as a truly national magazine which has distinguished itself by arousing just the right enemies and just the proper friends (as the attendant quotes reveal).

For stirring up the barbarians we stress *reactionary* standards like literacy, intelligence and humor — and one other thing, we savor what is American. The Great Republic so abounds with ghastliness and grandeur that our appetite for it never slackens.

Let the yahoos yodel about the glorious ruins of Europe, the rationality of Scandanavia, the exhilarating ambiance of the enlightened People's Republics. We smack our lips for what is American.

Consider a few of THE ALTERNATIVE's monthly features:

- **The Continuing Crisis** is an offbeat and humorous review of the past month's momentous events.
- **The Nation's Pulse** and **Letter from a Whig** by THE ALTERNATIVE's two Washington correspondents give timely and incisive reviews of what the frauds are up to on the banks of the Potomac.
- **The Bootblack Stand** — THE ALTERNATIVE's equivalent to Ann Landers (Dr. George Washington Plunkitt) aids our nation's leaders in their personal, political and psychological problems.
- **Brayings from the Barnyard** — a collection of the latest idiotic statements of Ritualistic Liberals, prefaced by suitable exegeses.

Here is a sample of some of the recent articles published in THE ALTERNATIVE:

"The Mechanical Genius of Mayor Daley" by Frank W. Blatchford III

"Student Unrest. . .The Search for Values" by Allen C. Brownfeld

"Daniel Ellsberg: The Public Penitent" by John R. Coyne, Jr. (quoted in *The Saturday Review* as the work of "snotty persons")

"America's Promise as a World Power" a symposium on defense by Senator James Buckley, Senator Henry M. Jackson, George F. Will, William Schneider, and others

Take time now to subscribe to this award-winning journal. If you are not satisfied (that it is an abomination to all idealistic New Leftists) you can cancel your subscription and obtain a full refund.

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